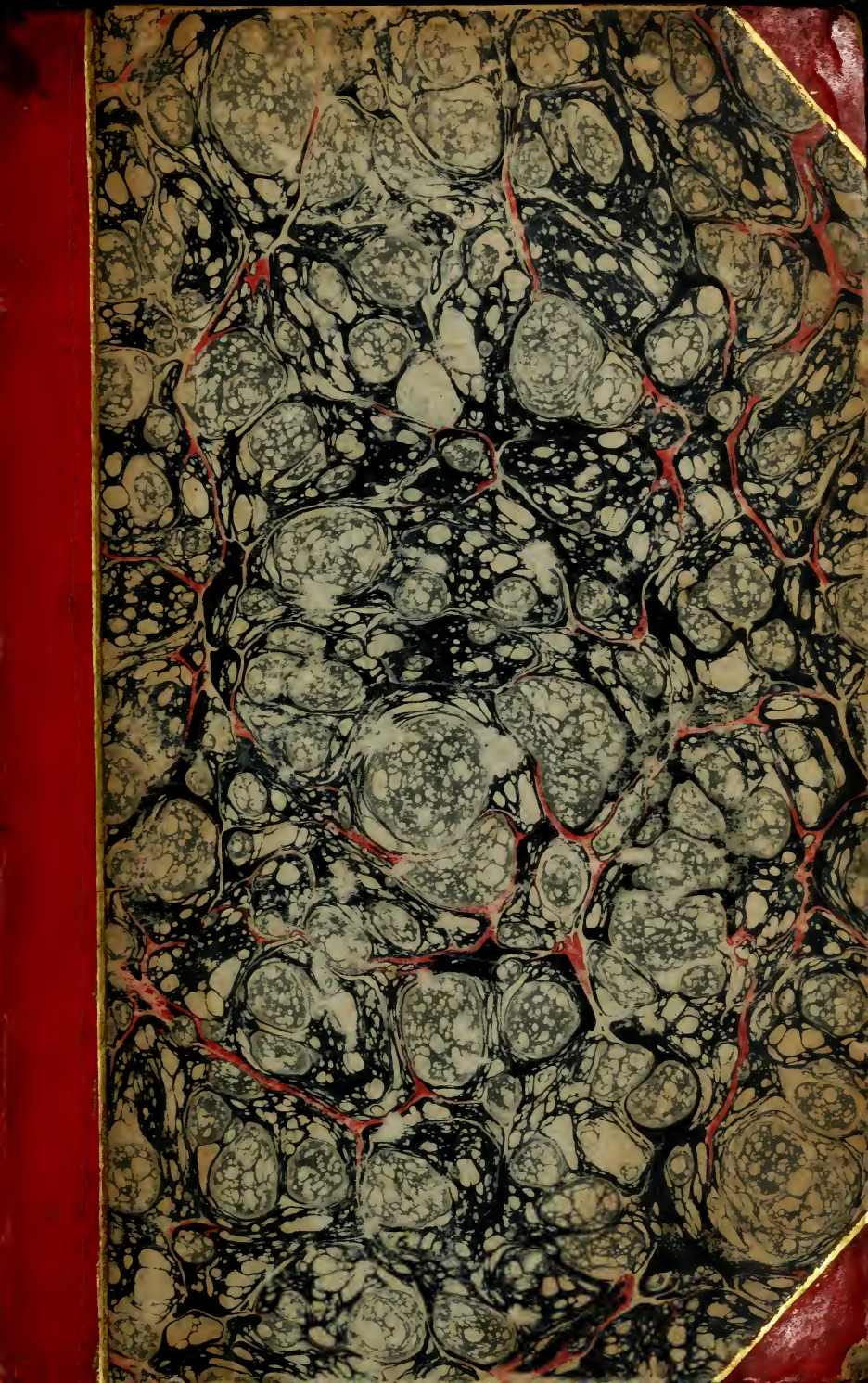

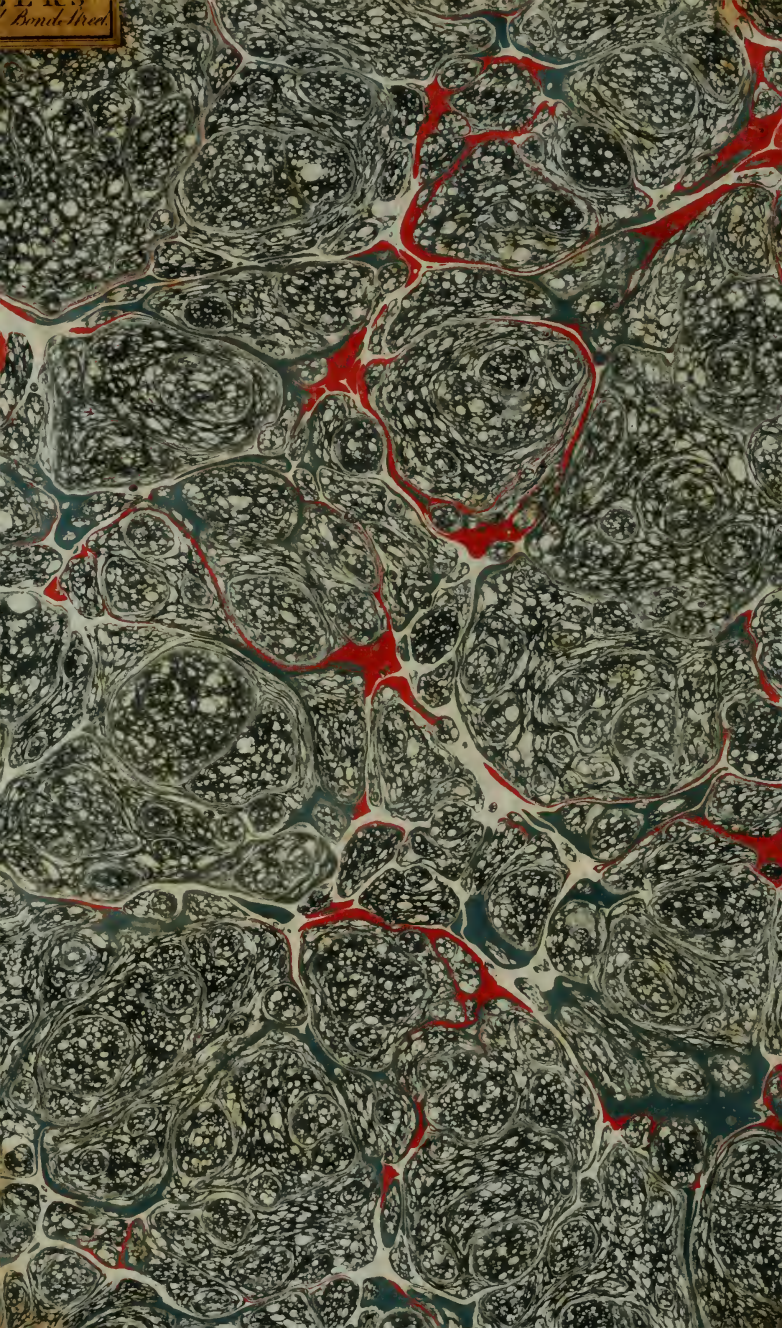

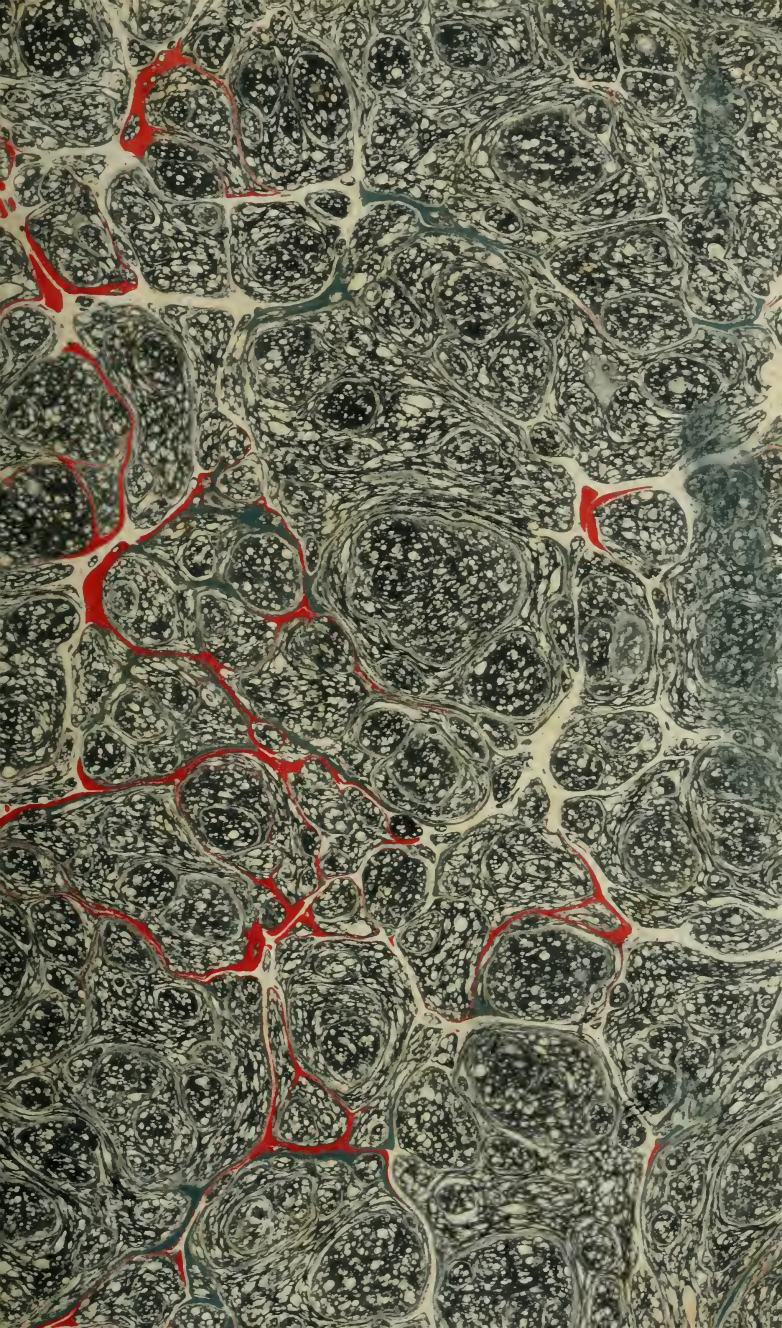

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A CHART TO THE CAMBRIAN DIRECTORY.

[To face the Title

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J. TAYLOR, PRINTER, HIGH STREET, SALISBURY. 1781.

THE

CAMBRIAN DIRECTORY,

OR,

CURSORY SKETCHES

OF THE

WELSH TERRITORIES.

WITH A CHART,

Comprehending at one View,

The adviſable Route—Beſt Inns—Diſtances—and Objects moſt worthy of Attention.

Authors, you know, of greateſt fame,
Thro' modeſty ſuppreſs their name;
And, wou'd you wiſh me to reveal
What theſe ſuperior Wits conceal?
All my ambition is, I own,
To profit, and to pleaſe, unknown.

Viſions in Verſe.

SECOND EDITION.

Salisbury:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY J. EASTON, HIGH-STREET;
SOLD ALSO BY
T. HURST, PATER-NOSTER-ROW, LONDON.

1801.

TO THE

FRIENDLY AND TRULY HOSPITABLE

INHABITANTS

OF THE

PRINCIPALITY OF WALES,

THESE

Cursory Sketches,

ARE RESPECTFULLY

AND GRATEFULLY DEDICATED, BY

The Author.

TO THE

INHABITANTS

OF THE

PRINCIPALITY OF WALES.

AS Dedications and Prefaces are conſidered proper *avant couriers* to a Work, the omiſſion of either might be deemed an eſſential breach of literary decorum:—I profeſs myſelf an Old Bachelor, and am conſequently anxious that all minutiæ ſhould be properly attended to.

It is generally cuſtomary in Dedications, to ſolicit the patronage of an individual; but, as theſe *Curſory Sketches* will fully prove, I by no means always purſue the common beaten track, truſt

truſt it will not be thought too preſumptuous, addreſſing myſelf to *Pluralities*, and therefore humbly to requeſt permiſſion, that the CAMBRIAN DIRECTORY may be looked upon as a Ward of the Welſh in general: for I can with ſafety affirm, in no country will the Touriſt experience more true hoſpitality and friendly attention, than in the Principality of Wales; I therefore with true reſpect and gratitude, beg leave to ſubſcribe myſelf,

GENTLEMEN,

Your much obliged

And moſt obedient

Humble Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

PRE-

PREFACE.

FAULTS, in the following Work, I readily allow, there are many, many; but, flatter myſelf, thoſe who are beſt able to diſcover, will be moſt ready to pardon them. Tours or Journals, are now hackneyed ſubjects; and, though this may be conſidered as a trite apology, and (if I may ſo expreſs myſelf) an Author's loop-hole, yet I can moſt truly aſſert, the preſent Obſervations were by no means at firſt intended to be ſcanned by the public eye; but merely made for my own private amuſement, as a memento, to have acceſs to, when I wiſhed to "breathe delight from Recollection's power;" my Remarks, therefore, were only ſuch as any Traveller, an admirer of Nature, would with a pencil briefly put down; and I muſt beg leave again to repeat, I had not then the moſt diſtant thought

thought of appearing at the bar of the Public. On my return, I naturally placed my Obſervations in a more connected form; and *ſome time afterwards*, accidentally converſing with my Bookſeller, on the romantic beauties of Wales, and ſhewing him a few of my Notes, was perſuaded to prepare them for the preſs; in conſequence of which, I am now embarking on the literary ocean; and, as a candid behaviour ought to be preferred to all other conſiderations, before I ſail on my cruize, beg leave to declare, that it is not the intention of the following ſheets, either to rival the lively and impreſſive deſcriptions of a WYNDHAM or a WARNER,—to contend with the literary and hiſtorical anecdotes of a PENNANT,—or to equal the mineralogical ſtudies of an AIKIN: and here I candidly acknowledge, when attempting a deſcription of Monmouthſhire, I found myſelf not a little intimidated, by the intended, and anxiouſly expected publication of that county, by a Gentleman,* highly claſſed in the literary world,

* The Rev. WILLIAM COXE, rector of Bemerton, and domeſtic chaplain to the Lord Biſhop of Saliſbury.

for

for many celebrated productions; conſcious of my own inability to do ample juſtice to that picturesque county, and particularly the rich ſcenery of the Wye, when it is already in ſuch able hands: I beg from true reſpect and eſteem, to apply to him the following paſſage:

> Oh, while along the ſtream of time, thy name
> Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
> Say, ſhall my little bark attendant ſail,
> Purſue the triumph, and partake the gale?
>
> POPE.

The CAMBRIAN DIRECTORY, is therefore given to the Public, as a *common Itinerary;* nor does it preſume to have diſcovered any thing unknown to the ſage Antiquarian,—the deep Mineralogiſt,—and the buſtling Traveller: ſtill, however, the Author flatters himſelf, it may be ſo far uſeful to the Public, that the Traveller will find it a convenient Pocket Companion; it will tell him the *beſt Inns*, and lay before him in one view, the *Diſtances;* the Mineralogiſt may occaſionally learn, what Rocks will moſt deſerve his attention; and it will point out to the Anti-

Antiquarian, every venerable Ruin, that ſeems to tell the religious or military Hiſtory of the Country. Such is the "plain unvarniſh'd tale:" in addition to which, I ſolicit permiſſion to addreſs my Readers with a line from a favourite Author:

"Laugh where you *muſt*, be candid where you *can*."

THE

THE

CAMBRIAN DIRECTORY.

THESE ARE THE HAUNTS OF MEDITATION, THESE
THE SCENES WHERE ANCIENT BARDS TH' INSPIRING BREATH
EXTATIC FELT!

THOMSON.

TWO Friends, equally admirers of Nature's landſcapes, and attached to pedeſtrian independence, agreed to viſit the wild and impreſſive ſcenery of the Cambrian Mountains; and the outlines of their Route being arranged, ſallied forth in the month of July, 1798, from

CHELTENHAM,

a place much reſorted to during the ſummer months, and celebrated for its mineral waters, compoſed of

one ſtreet, in almoſt a ſtraight line, nearly the length of a mile. Since it has become a place of faſhion, the lodging houſes have been conſiderably improved, and rendered comfortable for the company, who make this place their ſummer reſidence. The ſeaſon uſually commences about May, and frequently continues till the beginning of November. The majority of the company who frequent Cheltenham, reſort here not ſo much for the purpoſe of water-drinking, as to enjoy the delightful walks and rides, and partake of the ſociability of the neighbourhood.

The walk at the pump-room, well planned, and kept in excellent order, is planted on each ſide with limes; at the end is a ſmall ſquare, where the pump is ſituate, with a room on the left for the accommodation of the company to promenade, meaſuring ſixty-ſix feet by twenty-three;—on the oppoſite ſide a reading-room, with a billiard-table over, and a houſe, the reſidence of the attendant at the Spa; beyond that, is a ſimilar walk of three hundred and twelve feet, which leads to another ſerpentine walk; from the end of this, the ſpire of Cheltenham church forms a beautiful object. Near theſe walks, ſtands, on an eminence, the ſeat of the Earl of Fauconberg: this was the royal reſidence during their Majeſties ſtay at this place, from July 12, to Auguſt 16, 1788.

In

In reſpect to the rides, Cleave-hill, Dowdeſwell, &c. Tewkeſbury, and Gloceſter, are moſt admired.

Speaking of the hiſtory of the place, we find Cheltenham was a town in the reign of William the Conqueror: Edward likewiſe is ſuppoſed to have marched through it, before he encamped his army on the field of Tewkeſbury, previous to the battle of the houſes of York and Lancaſter.

Of the efficacy of the water, to which this town is indebted for its preſent celebrity, I refer my readers to a treatiſe, publiſhed by Dr. Fothergill, of Bath.

GLOCESTER.

The pin manufactory was eſtabliſhed here, by John Tiſley, in the year 1626, and the buſineſs is now become ſo extenſive, that the returns from London alone are eſtimated at near twenty thouſand pounds *per ann.* Before the introduction of pins into England, (1543) ſkewers of braſs, ſilver, and gold, and likewiſe thorns curiouſly ſcraped, called by the Welch women *pindraen*, were uſed. Though the pins themſelves are apparently ſimple, yet their manufacture is not a little curious and complex. The wire in its moſt rough

ſtate is brought from a wire company in the neighbourhood of Briſtol: till the year 1563, Engliſh iron wire was drawn out by manual ſtrength. The firſt operation attending this curious proceſs, is the fixing the circular roll of wire to the circumference of a wheel, which in its rotation throwing the wire againſt a board, with great violence, takes off the black external coat: vitriol is next applied to bring the braſs to its common colour. The braſs wire being too thick for the purpoſe of being cut into pins, is reduced to any dimenſion the workman pleaſes, by forcibly drawing it through an orifice in a ſteel plate, of a ſmaller diameter. The wire, being thus reduced to its proper dimenſions, is next ſtraightened: it is then cut into portions of ſix inches in length, and afterwards to the ſize of the pin, and each piece reſpectively ſharpened on a grinding-ſtone, turned by a wheel. We now come to a diſtinct branch of the manufactory: the forming the heads, or, as the workmen term it, *head ſpinning:* this is accompliſhed by means of a ſpinning-wheel, which, with aſtoniſhing rapidity winds the wire round a ſmall rod: this, when drawn out, leaves a hollow tube between the circumvolutions; every two circumvolutions, or turns, being cut with ſheers, form one head. The heads, thus formed, are diſtributed to children, who, with great dexterity, by the aſſiſtance of an anvil, or hammer, worked by the foot, fix the point and the head together.

The

The pins, thus formed, are boiled in a copper, containing a ſolution of block-tin pulverized, and the lees of Port; and by this laſt proceſs, it changes its yellow braſſy colour, and aſſumes the appearance of ſilver, or tin. The labourers are all paid according to the weight of their work.

Near Gloceſter, at the ſmall iſland of Alney, formed by the river Severn, dividing itſelf into two branches, hiſtorians relate, that Canute and Edmund, after many bloody engagements in Eſſex, determined to prevent a farther effuſion of blood by a ſingle combat. Neither, however, as the ſtory relates, obtaining a victory, peace was concluded, and the kingdom divided between them. We paid, however, little regard to the ſuppoſed place of this conteſt, as it was not for us, puiſne antiquarians, to diſcuſs points, on which the greateſt hiſtorians had ſo materially differed.

I forbear to make any remarks on the cathedral and gaol of Gloceſter, as much has already been done towards their illuſtration; and as ample accounts of them are given in the *Gloceſter Guide*, which the touriſt will meet with on the ſpot.

The walk from hence to

WESTBURY,

is by no means unintereſting; the country is ſtudded with half-ſeen villas, and animated with churches, whilſt the retroſpect commands a fine view of Robin-hood's Hill, with the dark tower of Gloceſter cathedral, juſt riſing in the perſpective.

At Weſtbury is the ſeat of Maynard Colcheſter, Eſq. The church, with a detached ſpire, ſtands cloſe to the houſe. Near this place mineralogiſts will be highly gratified by viſiting a cliff, called *Garden*, or *Golden Cliffe*; which is moſt beautifully encruſted with mundic and cryſtals. This rock, ſtanding cloſe to the Severn, is only acceſſible at the reflux of the tide; and when illuminated by the ſun wears a moſt beautiful appearance.

Between Weſtbury and Newnham, in an extremely delightful valley, bordering on the foreſt of Deane, is ſituate

FLAXLEY ABBEY,

the ſeat of Sir Thomas Crawley Bovey. This valley was formerly called *Caſtiard*, or the *Happy Valley*; and

and a monaſtery, for Ciſtercian Monks, was founded here by Roger, the ſecond Earl of Hereford, and the charter confirmed by Henry II. The abbey was ſtanding till the year 1777, when part of it was unfortunately conſumed by fire; ſince that a conſiderable portion of building has been added, and is become a very deſirable ſummer reſidence. The views from the park, behind the houſe, are very extenſive, commanding the vale of Gloceſter, and the river Severn, gay with veſſels; whilſt the extenſive foreſt of Dean, and Flaxley Abbey, form nearer objects for admiration. This wood abounds with the moſt charming walks; and, while it affords refreſhing ſhelter from a ſummer's ſun, admits partial views of the adjacent country. Camden, in ſpeaking of the foreſt of Dean, derives its name from *Ardene*, a wood, in the Gaulic and Britiſh languages. It lies between the two rivers Severn and Wye, and contains thirty thouſand acres. The ſoil is well adapted for the growth of oaks, and foreſt timber; and the ſituation particularly commodious for exporting it for ſhip-building, and other purpoſes. The immenſe quantities of wood annually felled for the uſe of the navy, have ſo thinned this wood of its timber, that it is now preſerved till a certain growth, by act of parliament. Camden obſerves, that the oak of this foreſt was ſo conſiderable, that the Spaniſh armada had orders to

deſtroy the timber of it in 1588: it ſuffered conſiderably in the great rebellion.

The iron manufactory has long been carried on in this foreſt; and to this day immenſe beds of iron cinders are found, the reliques of the Romans. Theſe cinders are not half exhauſted of their ore, and are conſequently worked over again: a proof that the Romans knew only the weak power of the foot blaſt.

As we drew near

NEWNHAM,

the Severn became more conſiderable. The town, ſituated on the banks of the river, and backed by the foreſt of Dean, is very ancient, and in 1018 this manor was granted by King Canute to the Benedictine abbey of Perſhore, in Worceſterſhire.*

The church-yard affords a variety of objects worthy the attention of the paſſing ſtranger, amongſt which the church of Weſtbury forms the moſt conſpicuous feature in the landſcape.

* *Atkins's Glocesterſhire.*

The

The view, previous to our deſcending the hill to

LIDNEY,

is extenſive and beautiful. In this place iron works are carried on by a Mr. Pitchcock.—About a mile from Lidney, the Old Paſſage,—King's-road, with the merchant ſhips lying off Briſtol,—Gloceſterſhire and Somerſetſhire hills, ſtudded with gentlemens' ſeats, churches, and half-ſeen cottages, formed a chearful landſcape.

CHEPSTOW.

The weather prevented our ſeeing the celebrated walks of Piercefield, but we promiſed ourſelves the pleaſure of viſiting them on our return down the Wye. The caſtle of Chepſtow, called Kaſwent, or Caſtelk Gwent, ſtands on a rock waſhed by the river Wye, near its influx into the Severn. Topographical writers differ in their accounts concerning the antiquity of the caſtle, but it is generally ſuppoſed to have been built at the ſame time with the town, appearing at that period to have been a kind of citadel to Chepſtow.*

* *Groſe's Antiquities.*

The

The caſtle was formerly of great extent, as, according to Leland's account, the "waulles began at the end of "the great bridge over Wy," yet "in the caſtel ys one "tower, as I heard ſay, by the name of Langine." Little now remains of its former grandeur: but, impelled by an irreſiſtible curioſity, we aſcended the decayed ſteps of the tower, from whence the eye traced with pleaſure the windings of the Wye, till it was at laſt loſt in its conjunction with the Severn. With horror we examined the dark dungeon, where Henry Martin, one of the twelve judges, who ſat to condemn Charles I. was confined ſeven and twenty years.

Grand views of the Briſtol Channel ſtill continued to form intereſting objects from the road; but about three miles from Chepſtow, we turned into ſome fields on the right, to examine the ivy-mantled walls of

CALDECOT CASTLE.

On our firſt entrance, we gazed with that wrapt aſtoniſhment, that fears to diſturb, or be diſturbed, by the mutual communication of thought.—Mr. Warner, in his ſurvey of this ruin, was much diſappointed; but I cannot help allowing, although the view from it was inferior to Chepſtow, yet its antiquated walls wear a nobler

nobler appearance; and the gloom that reigns around it, forces a ſigh, and evinces the tranſitory nature of ſublunary greatneſs. The antiquity of the building is very obſcure: it is ſituate on a flat, and memorable for the birth of Henry VII. Paſſing through the village of Caldecot, we ſoon entered

CAERWENT,

on the weſtern ſide, through the broken fragments of its walls, of which one immenſe maſs has recently fallen. This ancient town is now little more than a village, with a few ſcattered cottages, but formerly celebrated, under the auſpices of Agricola, for its temples, theatre, porticoes, and baths; few veſtiges of its former ſplendour are now extant. A few fragments of looſe ſtones only remain to point out its former extent. In an orchard, adjoining a farm-houſe belonging to Mr. Lewis, is the beautiful teſſalated Roman pavement, diſcovered in the year 1777. The teſſerae or dies, about an inch in breadth, and half in depth, are nearly cubical, conſiſting of four colours, red, yellow, blue, and white,* which are ſtill in great preſervation; the whole is ſurrounded with a border, much reſembling a Turkey carpet. The daily depre-

* *Warner's Firſt Walk through Wales.*

dations

dations on theſe curious remains of antiquity are greatly to be lamented.

In the road from Caerwent, amongſt other objects for admiration, the manſion of Sir Robert Saliſbury, on the left, commanding an extenſive view, attracted our notice. Paſſing through the neat village of Chriſt-church, animated with white-waſhed cottages, and graced with its ſimple church, which ſtands on an eminence, we left the turnpike road, at the thirteenth mile ſtone; and following a footpath through ſome fields, near the banks of the Uſke, ſoon entered the ancient city of

CAERLEON,

over a wooden bridge, built on the ſame plan as Chepſtow. This city was formerly a metropolitan ſee, but St. David, the national ſaint of Wales, thinking the noiſy intercourſe of a populous city, like *Caer-Lleon*, ill adapted for contemplation, or the ſolitary caſt of his mind, removed it to Menevia, which from that period has been called *Ty Dewi* by the Welch, and St. David by the Engliſh.* The remains of its ancient grandeur

* He was buried in the cathedral church of St. David, and many hundred years after canonized by Pope Caliſtus the Second.—*Godwin's Engliſh Biſhops*, p. 414.

are

are ſtill diſcernible. Whilſt tracing the extent of its amphitheatre, ſurrounded by a circular entrenchment, and the grandeur of its porticoes, we took a retroſpect on the exertions of man, the fate of kingdoms, and of rulers; and, marking the grand deſtruction of ages, it ſeemed to convince us of the tranſientneſs of human worth and happineſs! The ſhips in the Briſtol Channel, with flat and ſteep holmes riſing in the midſt of the ſea, formed pleaſing objects in the diſtant view, whilſt the mellow green of nearer woods, and meadows watered by the Uſke, made a combination of hues gay and beautiful.

Near

NEWPORT

a new ſtone bridge is erecting by contract for ten thouſand one hundred and ſixty-five pounds, by Mr. Edwards, ſon to the Edwards, who built the famous Pont y Pridd. It is to conſiſt of five arches.

Newport Caſtle, ſtanding on the bank of the river Uſke, is a ſmall diſtance from the bridge: it evidently appears to have been once a place of conſiderable extent, and built for the defence of the paſſage over the river; three ſtrong towers commanded the Uſke, but towards the town a common wall, without any flanks, ſeems to have

have been its ſole defence. Some of the windows ſtill remain, the relics of Gothic architecture, and appear to have been elegantly decorated. From the tower is a fine view of the Uſke. Between Newport and

CARDIFF

we croſſed the little ſtream of Ebwith, near the park of Tridegar houſe, belonging to Sir Charles Morgan. The grounds are well planned, and command the hills of Machan and Tombalœ, with the church of Paſſaneſs riſing in the centre, on an eminence. The whole valley, indeed, is prettily ſituated. Paſſing through the villages of Pediſton and Caſtletown, we ſoon reached the bridge of two arches, over the river Romney, which divides England from Wales.

The ſituation of Cardiff is on a low flat, near the mouth of the Taff, over which has lately been thrown a new bridge, built by Mr. Parry in 1796: it conſiſts of three large and two ſmaller arches. The tower of the church is very light, and of elegant workmanſhip; but nothing in the inſide worthy of inſpection.

The caſtle derives its name from the river Taff, which waſhes its walls; *Caertaph* ſignifying the town or caſtle upon Taff. Robert Fitzham having conquered

quered Glamorganſhire, divided the country into different portions, among the twelve Norman knights, as a reward for their ſervice, and took for his own ſhare the town of Cardiff; and erected, in the year 1110, this caſtle, in which he generally reſided, and held his court of chancery and exchequer. In the beginning of May 1645, during the troubles under Charles I. it was in the poſſeſſion of the royaliſts, but it was ſurrendered to parliament before Auguſt 1646.

We entered the caſtle by two ſtrong gates, which ſtill remain in great preſervation, but we were diſguſted with the modern architecture of the new-built manſion, erected by the late Marquis of Bute: the neat ſhorn graſs, the gravel walk, were circumſtances that ill accorded with the mutilated walls of an ancient ruin, which has braved the ſtorms of ſo many centuries. The circumſtance which tends to render this caſtle a melancholy place in hiſtory, is the unjuſt confinement of Robert, Duke of Normandy, brother to William Rufus and Henry I. The accounts, however, of his confinement have been greatly exaggerated by hiſtorians; but a dark vaulted room, beneath the level of the ground, meaſuring nearly a ſquare of fifteen feet and a half, is ſtill pointed out as the place of his confinement; a ſmall crevice in the top, about half a yard in length, and three inches wide, was the only place to admit the air,

air. In this ſituation he died, after an impriſonment of ſix and twenty years, and was buried in Gloceſter cathedral, where his effigy as big as life, carved in Iriſh oak, and painted, is yet ſhewn. The keep, which is ſtill very perfect, of an octagon ſhape, ſtands on an eminence in the centre of a large ſquare. Having walked round the ramparts, which command extenſive views of the adjacent country, we viſited the caſtle itſelf, which has, within theſe few years, been repaired, but ſtill remains in an unfiniſhed ſtate. In the dining-room are ſome portraits, in length, of the Windſor family: the moſt ſtriking are,

1ſt. Sir William, who firſt raiſed forces for Queen Mary.

2d. Sir Edward, who firſt entered the breach at the taking of St. Quintin, in Flanders, where the famous conſtable de Montmorency was taken priſoner.

In the breakfaſt-parlour is a family piece, conſiſting of ſeven figures: it was painted in the year 1568. Holbein, I rather imagine, was the painter: it conſiſts of two ſiſters playing at cards, and two brothers at drafts, with Edward, Earl of Windſor, and his lady looking on. The ſtyle is ſtiff, with ruffs, ſmall black caps and feathers.

Andrew

Andrew Windſor, to the right of the fire-place; general in the reign of Queen Ann, ſerving in the twenty-eighth regiment of foot - *Kneller.*

Thomas Windſor, to the left, who ſerved in ſeveral wars of William and Queen Ann, and was colonel of the third regiment of dragoon guards, in the reign of George I. - - - - *Kneller.*

Lady Urſula Windſor - *ibid.*

Hon. Maſter Windſor - *Painter unknown.*

A good painting of Urſula, Counteſs of Windſor, with her grand-daughter Urſula Windſor, *Kneller.*

Thomas, Lord Windſor, governor of Jamaica - - - - *Vandyke.*

Hon. Charlotta Windſor - *Dahl.*

Hon. Urſula Windſor - *Dahl.*

Hon. Dixia Windſor, ſtorekeeper of the ordnance, and for ſix ſucceſſive parliaments member for Cambridge.

This caſtle belongs to a grand-ſon of the Marquis of Bute.

In this place, Robert, Earl of Gloceſter founded a priory of White-friars, and another of Black, which continued till the reign of Henry VIII. Only the

ſhell of the White-friars is now extant, and the ruins of the Black-friars are inhabited by fiſhermen.

From hence we walked to inſpect the remains of that once celebrated city

LANDAFF;

the ruins of the old cathedral are very beautiful; the door caſes are all Norman architecture, elegantly moulded; two of which, on the north and ſouth ſides, are fine ſpecimens of that æra. All the other parts are Gothic: the nave is unroofed. Within theſe ruins we entered the cathedral, which carries with it more the appearance of a modern theatre, than a place of divine worſhip, ſo erroneous was the taſte of the architect, in combining with the ſacred Gothic, a fantaſtical work of his own. Among ſeveral ancient monuments, are two very elegant ones of the Mathews family,* whoſe deſcendants own the ſcite of the biſhop's caſtle, of which only the gate remains: the reſt, with the archdeacon's houſe, was deſtroyed by Owen Glendour.† There are likewiſe the monuments of two biſhops, with another, and the figure of Lady Godiva, full length, carved in marble on it.

* *Willis's Landaff*, p. 34. † Groſe,—Willis.

Landaff

Landaff ſtands on a ſmall eminence, commanding a view of Cardiff, and the ſurrounding country.—We returned again to Cardiff: and the firſt ſix miles of our road to

CAERPHILY

were not very intereſting, till aſcending Thorn Hill, the beauties of the vale below, with the iſlands of Flat and Steep Holmes riſing in the diſtant proſpect, the ruins of Cardiff Caſtle, and the ivy-mantled walls of Landaff cathedral, amply compenſated for the trouble of climbing this eminence. A little farther on, Caerphily Caſtle burſt upon our ſight, and

——— "ſeem'd to frown,
"In awful majeſty on all around."

The founder, and the time of its erection are very uncertain; but I refer my readers to the firſt volume of the *Archæologia*; to an ingenious Diſſertation, by Daines Barrington, where it is ſatisfactorily proved to have been the work of Edward I. This caſtle is one of the nobleſt ruins of ancient architecture now remaining in the kingdom, and exceeds all in bigneſs, except that of Windſor. The hall and the chapel may ſtill be traced; the former meaſures about ſeventy feet in length, thirty-four in breadth, and ſeventeen in height.

The roof is vaulted about eight feet high, and ſupported by twenty arches. On the north ſide is a chimney, ten feet wide, with two windows on each ſide, extending down to the floor, and carried above the ſuppoſed height of this room. At each angle was originally a round tower of four ſtories, communicating with each other by a gallery. On the weſt ſide of the hall ſtairs, is a low round tower, of one ſtory, called the mint-houſe, with three painted arches on the ſouth ſide, and a ſquare well on the weſt. The leaning tower, towards the eaſt end, more particularly engaged our notice; it is divided into two ſeparate parts, by a large fiſſure, which runs from the top down almoſt to the middle. Its lineal projection is ſuppoſed to be on the outer ſide, about eleven feet and a half. On the weſt and north are viſible veſtiges of a drawbridge. The eaſt wall, on the ſouth ſide of the principal entrance, is fluted between the buttreſſes, with battlements on their tops, to protect the intermediate walls.

At Caerphily we perceived a great change in the manners of the people; in the whole village, ſcarcely one perſon was capable of ſpeaking Engliſh.

We now came to the celebrated Vale of Glamorganſhire, ſo juſtly ſtyled the *Garden of South-Wales*; the rapid

rapid Taff forms an almoſt continued uproar for many miles; on the oppoſite ſide the mountains roſe almoſt perpendicularly in a maſſy wall, and ſometimes to the water's edge, finely clothed with wood. Every circumſtance conſpired to heighten the ſolitary grandeur of the ſcene, and to prolong the luxurious melancholy, which the views inſpired. In this celebrated vale is found the famous Pont y prid, or new bridge, about three quarters of a mile from the Duke of Bridgewater's Arms, a comfortable inn, and far ſurpaſſing our miſerable quarters at Caerphily. This wonderful bridge, of one arch, is the ſegment of a circle; the chord of it is one hundred and forty feet, and the height of the key-ſtone, from the ſpring of the arch, thirty-two feet and a half. It was erected in the year 1750, by William Edwards, a country maſon, who failed in his attempt three times, till, by lightening the abutments, it has reſiſted, for many years, the torrents of the Taff.

The intruſion of art in this romantic valley, where nature has been ſo laviſh of her beauties, is much to be lamented: a canal, for the purpoſe of conveying the iron from the Mynther-works to Cardiff, renders it a place of frequent buſineſs and confuſion; a place originally ſo well adapted to retirement and reflection.

MYTHER TIDVIL,

is a moſt miſerable dirty place; the ſoil and the inhabitants both partook of a dark dingy colour: the women deſtitute of ſhoes and ſtockings, the men and boys the ſlaves of Vulcan. The iron-works, under the direction of Mr. Crawſhaw, are the largeſt in the kingdom; not leſs than one thouſand hands are employed by this gentleman, who allows the perſon who inſpects the machinery, one-eighth of the profits, to keep them in repair. Four large blaſt furnaces, with a number of a ſmaller ſize, beſides a row of forges, are continually in uſe. An enormous wheel has lately been conſtructed, with ſeveral inferior ones, acting in contrary directions, which pumps the air into a large ſpace, from whence it is diſtributed, through various tubes, to each ſeparate furnace. This wheel is fifty feet one inch in diameter, and ſix feet eight inches in width. The whole weight reſts on gudgeons, of one hundred tons. The gudgeons of all the wheels, and of ſuch parts of the machine where there is any friction, have water continually running over them, to prevent their taking fire. It is the particular office of one man to greaſe every part of the machine, whilſt in motion; to accompliſh which, he is frequently obliged to ride on an iron bar, ſimilar to the lever of a pump when in motion, a conſiderable way

way from the ground. The whole of this machinery is worked by water, not more than a foot deep, which is conveyed by a long ſpout to the top of the wheel, where it diſcharges itſelf. The ore, flux,* and coals, which they uſe to promote the fuſion of the ore, are all found on the ſpot. The ore, previous to its being thrown into the furnace, is burnt in a common lime-pit, the goodneſs of it afterwards proved, by its adheſion to the tongue: the coal is all charked, and continually put in the furnace, with certain proportions of ore. From the pigs, the iron is rolled into flat plates by a cylinder; this is performed with the greateſt diſpatch. The gaunt figures of the workmen excite both pity and terror, and the ſallow countenances and miſerable air of the people, prove it is a labour very prejudicial to their health. From hence we travelled the road to

PONT NEATH VECHAN,

inacceſſible for carriages, indifferent for pedeſtrians, and affording nothing worthy our attention. It lay over a barren heath, with mountains on one ſide, and a dreary waſte of land before us. About a mile and a half from Vechan, we unexpectedly deſcended through a wood into a rich romantic valley, watered by Neath

* *i. e.* lime-ſtone.

river. In this retired ſituation we found the Angel inn, of Pont Neath Vechan. Deſcription can ſcarcely ſuggeſt the full grandeur and magnificence of this valley: woods, rocks, and waterfalls, all unite, to render it *beautiful*. Our Ciceroni firſt conducted us to the fall of Scotenogam, on the river Purthen, about a mile and a half from the houſe: this fall we ſaw to great advantage, the river having gathered in its courſe the accumulation of many torrents after the rain, precipitates itſelf in one majeſtic expanſe of water, near ſeventy feet high; whilſt the dark lowering rocks, on each ſide, contraſted finely with the varied vegetation around us. The deſcent is by no means eaſy, but the grandeur of the ſcene amply compenſated for all difficulties. Our Ciceroni next conducted us to a very inferior one, called the Lady's Caſcade, on the river Neath; but of this we caught a very indifferent proſpect, the aſcent of the mountain being inacceſſible, and the water too high to admit of our obtaining a due inſpection of it. We then returned to our inn, and ſet out a different road, in queſt of nature's landſcapes.—Having walked about three miles, we heard the angry roar of ſmall caſcades; this we conſidered as preludes of ſcenes, where the water-fall ſwells into a torrent; and we ſoon found ourſelves near the fall of Lower Culhepſte. The character of this cataract differs very much from that of Scotenogam; being broken in its deſcent

deſcent from projecting rocks, of an immenſe ſize. About a quarter of a mile from hence, we deſcended a rugged and ſteep rock to examine the fall of Upper-Culhepſte, about fifty feet high. The ſingularity of this fall invites the curioſity of the traveller more than any other in Wales: the whole river precipitates itſelf with ſuch violence, as to leave a ſpace between the rock and the fall ſufficiently wide for a horſe path. Though in leſs than two minutes we were completely wet by the ſpray, yet the effect was awful and ſublime; and it was neceſſary to remember the fixed foundation of the rocks above our heads, to ſoften the awe they inſpired. Near this fall is Porthogo Cavern, through which the river Vendre runs. The water was too high to admit our entrance; our Conductor, however, informed us, he had penetrated about half a mile, but found the river wind ſo many ways, he judged it ſafer to return, leſt he ſhould ſhare the fate of a poor man, who loſt himſelf in this cavern for the ſpace of three days. On our return, a very intelligent gentleman, ſtaying in the neighbourhood, ſtrenuouſly recommended us to deſcend a ſteep mountain, on our left, to ſurvey a curious quadrangular ſtrata of marble in the rock below. With ſome difficulty we effected our purpoſe, having waded twice through the river. This ſtrata in Welch is called *bwr maen*, which ſignifies a ſtone bow: it is ſituated cloſe to the river Dynnas, which, forcing its way

way through ſome broken fragments of the rock, forms a caſcade a little above. The price offered for this grey marble, in London, is fifteen ſhillings a foot ſquare.

About five miles from Vechan is the ſeat of Mrs. Holbrow, on the right. We were prevented viſiting the water-falls of Melincourt and Aperdulas, the river, owing to the late floods, being too deep to ford. Our route ſtill continued through the valley we had ſo much admired the evening before. As we drew near

NEATH,

the tower of Knole Caſtle had a pleaſing effect from a diſtance: it was built by Sir Herbert Mackworth, and is at preſent in the poſſeſſion of Lady Mackworth. The windows from the banqueting-room comprehend a circle of many miles diameter, compoſed of Neath valley and river, with the ſmoky town of Neath—the Mumbles Point—Swanſea, and the Channel. The artificial caſcade is well contrived, but, after the foaming torrents of Scotenogam and Culhepſte, appears very tame.

The ſcite of the refectory, the chapel, the hall, and

and ſeveral other rooms in the ruins of Neath Abbey, may ſtill be traced. It ſtands on the eaſt of the river, and was formerly, by Leland's account, the "faireſt "abbay of all Wales;" but in his *Collectanea** he ſeems to give Margam the preference of all the Ciſtercian houſes in theſe parts. It was founded for white Monks, by Richard Granville. In this abbey, the unfortunate Edward II. ſecreted himſelf, in the year 1326, when prevented by contrary winds from his intended eſcape to Ireland; he was ſoon, however, diſcovered, and confined in the caſtle of Kenelworth, under the cuſtody of the Earl of Leiceſter. Near the ruins are the copper-works. The ore is chiefly imported from Cornwall, and Wicklow in Ireland; being calcined, and thereby loſing its ſulphur, it is refined by the ſimple proceſs of frequent melting, and taking off the droſs, which forms a ſcum; laſtly, being moulded into ſmall plates, or pigs, it is ſhipped for the market. The method of reducing the metal, when melted into ſmall particles, is by pouring it into water, and, when thus reduced, it is called *copper ſhot*. Braſs is a compound of copper thus reduced, and *lapis calaminaris*, pulverized in crucibles, and moulded or caſt into plates. *Lapis calaminaris* is dug in great quantities near Holywell in Flintſhire.

The town of Neath is very unpleaſantly ſituated,

* Vol. ii. p. 92.

and

and generally covered with the ſmoke of the copper-works; a circumſtance which I ſhould imagine renders it an unhealthy ſpot. On that account it is adviſable, both for horſemen and pedeſtrians, in their way to Swanſea, to take the road by Britton Ferry, in preference to the turnpike, which the ſmoke always renders offenſive.

BRITTON FERRY.

This village is much reſorted to, on account of its beautiful ſituation; and many a white-waſhed cottage ſtraggles through the hamlet. The plantations of Lord Vernon are well diſpoſed, and edge the water's brink: the river is conſtantly filled with veſſels, whoſe gay ſtreamers glittering to the ſun-beam, preſent to the eye a conſtant moving object. Having croſſed the Ferry, we proceeded on the ſands to

SWANSEA.

The whole of this walk commanded a boundleſs view of the ocean to the weſt, whilſt to the ſouth the faint hues of Somerſetſhire coaſt ſkirted the horizon.

Swanſea is a well-built ſea-port town, on the river Tawe,

Tawe, much reſorted to during the ſummer months. The machines for bathing are kept about half a mile from the town, under the direction of Mrs. Landey, who likewiſe keeps a lodging-houſe near the place: the charges are twenty-five ſhillings a week, board and lodging; and ten ſhillings and ſix-pence a week for a private parlour. The caſtle is ſuppoſed to have been erected by Henry, Earl of Warwick, in the reign of Henry I.; the ſmall arches round the top of it are exactly ſimilar to the building of Lantphey Caſtle, and King John's Hall, St. David's, Pembrokeſhire. This caſtle is now turned into a gaol and workhouſe. The Market-place is ſaid to be covered with the lead of St. David's cathedral, given by Cromwell to a gentleman of Swanſea.

The clay uſed for the pottery, long carried on in this place, is brought from Corfe in Dorſetſhire; having been mixed with finely-ground flint, and diſſolved in water, it is paſſed through ſieves, till it has loſt all its coarſer particles, then expoſed to heat, which evaporates the water, and leaves the clay of a conſiſtency ſufficient for working. The veſſel is firſt rudely formed by the hand, the clay being ſtuck to a circular board, which has an horizontal rotation. The other operation conſiſts in the more perfect forming of the work by various proceſſes, and the colouring, glazing, painting,

ing, and ſtamping; drying and baking kilns, complete the work.

OYSTERMOUTH CASTLE,

about five miles from Swanſea, is finely ſituated on an eminence, commanding a delightful proſpect of the ſurrounding country, and the Mumbles' Bay. The ivy-mantled walls of this caſtle are ſufficiently perfect, to diſtinguiſh what the apartments were originally deſigned for. It formerly belonged to the lords of Gower, but is now in the poſſeſſion of the Duke of Beaufort. Our curioſity being ſatisfied, we haſtened to the

MUMBLES,

celebrated far and near for the goodneſs and abundance of its oyſters. This village ſtands at the extremity of Swanſea Bay, on a vaſt maſs of ſplintered rock: from this elevation, the wide expanſe of the ocean and Swanſea Bay are viewed to great advantage. Theſe rocks are inacceſſible at high-water, except in a boat; on the fartheſt is erected a light-houſe.

At Pennard, we deſcended ſome immenſe ſand-banks, which

which led us into Oxwich Bay: at the head of the ſand-banks are the ſmall remains of an old caſtle,* ſcarcely worthy of obſervation. The ſands in this bay are extremely fine, and the bold projections of the rock exhibit nature in her moſt awful and impreſſive attitudes. To the right of Oxwich Bay is ſituate, at Penrice, the ſeat of Mr. Talbot: the grounds are well planned, and command extenſive views of the ſea: the old caſtle, riſing behind the houſe, gave the whole a fine effect.

Between Penrice and the neat village of

CHERITON,

we obſerved to our right, on a hill, a large flat ſtone, ſeveral tons weight, reſting on about ſix ſmaller ones, placed perpendicularly, and ſtanding about five feet high: this is vulgarly called *King Arthur's ſtone.* It is here proper to forewarn both Touriſts and Travellers, not to fix on Pennard, Penrice, or Cheriton, as places for a night's abode, as they cannot poſſibly be comfortably accommodated. This advice I mention from experience, for at the latter place, we were under the

* Pennarth, eight miles ſouth-weſt of Swanſea.

neceſ-

neceſſity of contenting ourſelves with tables or chairs, as ſubſtitutes for beds, and even deſtitute of neceſſary proviſions. On a hill, oppoſite our inn, we diſcovered evident veſtiges of a Roman encampment; from this elevation the eye caught a fine view of Carmarthen Bay, and the bold promontory of Worm's Head, to the ſouth-weſt: this rock is only acceſſible at low water.

The country through which we traverſed for the four or five laſt miles, is inhabited by a colony of Flemings, who ſettled here in the reign of Henry I. In the reign of this king's father, a great number of Flemings, having been driven out of their habitations, by a very extraordinary inundation of the ſea, ſought protection in England, where they were cordially received. But ſo many of theſe people being diſperſed in different parts of the kingdom, began, by the increaſe of their numbers, to create ſome uneaſineſs; which Henry I. removed, by ſettling them as a colony in South Wales, and gave them the country adjoining to Tenby and Haverfordweſt. By this wiſe policy, the king rid his own dominions of an incumbrance, and curbed the inſolence of the then rebellious Cambrians.* The little territory they inhabit is called *Gwyr*, and by the En-

* William of Malmeſbury, p. 158.

gliſh,

gliſh, *Little England beyond Wales*, becauſe their manners and language are ſtill diſtinguiſhable from the Welſh, and, in point of ſpeech, aſſimilate the Engliſh. Theſe Flemings, to this day, ſeldom or never intermarry with the Welch: they ſpeak good Engliſh, and are very much averſe to the manners and language of the country they inhabit; both ſexes generally diſtinguiſh themſelves by wearing a ſhort cloak, called *Gowyr Wittle*.

In preference to a long walk, of near thirty miles, we croſſed the river Bury, as the pleaſanteſt and moſt expeditious way to

LLANELLY,

a miſerable, dirty place, filled with miners and ſailors. From hence to

KIDWELY,

the road leads over the Penbree Hills; and from this elevation, the ſcenery is viewed to great advantage.

The caſtle of Kidwely, otherwiſe, *Cathweli*, was formerly, I imagine, of great extent, and is ſtill the

moſt perfect we had hitherto met with in Wales. The extent of the apartments is diſtinguiſhable; ſome of the ſtaircaſes acceſſible; and the four round towers, keep, gateway, and yard, ſpread an awful gloom around, whoſe beauties time had juſt ſufficiently impaired, to heighten its grandeur and ſublimity. Our guide expatiated much on the hiſtory and events of the caſtle, and told the ſtory with as much agitation and intereſt, as if it had happened yeſterday.

The road to

CAERMARTHEN,

we found unpleaſantly hilly, but occaſional vallies to our left enlivened our walk. Near Caermarthen we croſſed a bridge of free-ſtone over the Towy. This river, running through the middle of this ſhire, falls into the Britiſh ſea, at Caermarthen Bay, and is navigable for ſmall veſſels as far as the bridge. Immediately over it, upon a hanging rock, ſtand the remains of a once renowned caſtle. This town according to Giraldus's authority, was anciently a place of great ſtrength, and fortified with brick walls, which are yet partly extant, near the river. This place, now conſidered as the capital of the county, was formerly the

the reſidence of the Prince of South-Wales; and the ancient Britons here held their parliaments. The chancery likewiſe, and exchequer for South-Wales, were kept here, when this territory was firſt erected into a Principality, by the crown of England. In the thirty-eighth year of Henry VIII. it was created a borough-town.

This place is famous for having given birth to Merlin, who is ſtyled, by an ancient Author, "the "ſonne of a badde angell, or of an incubus ſpirit, the "Britaine's great Apollo, whom Geoffrey ap Arthur "would ranke with the ſouth-ſaying ſeer, or rather "with the true prophets themſelves; being none other "than a meere ſeducer, and phantaſticall vizard." He flouriſhed in the year 480.

At the inn (Old Ivy-Buſh) Sir Richard Steel compoſed his celebrated Play, called the *Conſcious Lovers*.

From Caermarthen, we were recommended to go to

LAUGHARNE,

in order to ſee the caſtle, but it by no means anſwered our expectation: little part of it now remains; and the

neat gravel walk in the garden, is ill adapted for the mutilated walls of an ancient ruin. From the garden walks, grand and extenſive ſea-proſpects intereſt the Traveller. About five miles from Laugharne, we paſſed a ſmall place, called

GREEN BRIDGE.

It derives its name from an excavation in the rock, through which a little rivulet runs for a mile and a half. This cavity is completely concealed from the road, and impoſſible to be diſcovered unleſs pointed out by ſome neighbouring inhabitant. Let me, however, adviſe all Touriſts to be cautious in their excurſions to this natural curioſity, as it is a place evidently calculated for plunder, ſtratagems, and murder; and is now infeſted by an unawed banditti of ſmugglers, who have frequently practiſed the barbarous ſcheme of decoying veſſels by falſe lights; and by whom we ourſelves were inſulted. Indeed, I would adviſe Travellers to alter their route from Swanſea, and purſue the ſtraight road to Caermarthen, and ſo to Tenby, by Narbeth. By theſe means they eſcape the unpleaſant roads (and almoſt, indeed, inacceſſible for carriages), leading from Oyſtermouth to Cheriton, and likewiſe from Llaugharne to Tenby. But ſhould the Touriſt be led by an invin-

invincible curioſity to inſpect the ruins of Kidwely Caſtle, it may eaſily be accompliſhed, by purſuing the turnpike-road to Kidwely, and from thence to Caermarthen: in this laſt route you only omit viſiting the ſeat of Mr. Talbot, of Penrice; though an object highly worthy of inſpection.

At Saunders' Foot is a ſmall bay, formed on one ſide by a rock called the Monkſtone, and on the other by the Caermarthenſhire coaſt. Near this place is ſituate the ſeat of Capt. Ackland; and from thence to Tenby, the dark lowering rocks roſe perpendicularly to a conſiderable height, and then branched out into overhanging crags. It was now duſk;—and at this tranſforming hour, the bold promontories became ſhaded with unreal glooms,—the projecting cliffs aſſumed a more terrific aſpect,—and the wild, overhanging underwood,

"Wav'd to the gale in hoarſer murmurs."

TENBY,

is much reſorted to, during the ſummer months, for bathing. It ſtands on a rock facing Caermarthen Bay: the bold promontory of the Monkſtone Head to the

north, and St. Catherine's Point, to the ſouth, form a fine amphitheatre. The ſhore is well adapted for bathing; the machines excellent; and a ſingular rock, riſing in the ſea, cloſe to the ſhore, ſhelters the bathing machines, even in the moſt boiſterous weather. On the ſouth of Tenby, at the extremity of the ſmall iſland of St. Catherine's, attainable at low water, are the remains of a Roman Catholic chapel. Entirely through this iſland is a ſingular perforation, which, without any difficulty, may be penetrated at the reflux of the tide. The views from the ſouth ſands are remarkably beautiful; the character of the rocks is here awfully wild, craggy, and impending; and the diſtant fiſhing-boats with their white ſails, and the voices of the fiſhermen, who conſtantly frequent this coaſt, borne at intervals on the air, are circumſtances which animate the ſcene: whilſt the iſlands of Caldy and St. Margaret's opportunely riſe, to render the terrific ocean beautiful. The retroſpect is equally intereſting; the neat town of Tenby, with the mutilated walls of its caſtle, cloſes this charming ſcene.

The ancient walls of Tenby are ſtill ſufficiently perfect, to ſhew its former ſtrength and extent; and the four round towers, ſtanding on the extremity of the rock, point out the ſituation of its caſtle. Near this is a ruinous building, ſuppoſed to be the remains of a Flemiſh

Flemiſh manufactory, probably woollen. On the north ſands is likewiſe another walk, equally beautiful, commanding the whole extent of Caermarthen Bay. On the ſummit of the rocks, over theſe ſands, is the walk called the *Croft*: on this eminence is ſituated the hotel kept by Mr. Shaw; the accommodations are very good: the charges *per* week are eighteen ſhillings board, finding your own tea, ſugar, wine, and porter; ſix ſhillings for a bed-room, and at the ſame rate a private parlour.

This place, from the vaſt quantity of fiſh caught near the coaſt, is called *Tenby-y-Piſcoid.*

If the Touriſt has leiſure and opportunity, many excurſions may be made during his ſtay at Tenby. The firſt, and moſt important is, to Pembroke and Milford-Haven. The road affords many grand and extenſive ſea views, with a faint proſpect of Lundy Iſle. About four miles from Tenby, ſtand the ruins of Mannorbeer Caſtle, ſuppoſed to have been erected about the time of William Rufus. A little farther on, the ivy-mantled walls of Carew Caſtle* burſt upon us; and about three miles from Pembroke, the decayed and broken walls of

* The Pedeſtrian will not poſſibly find time to examine the ruins of Carew Caſtle, in this day's route, but will find it more convenient to viſit it in his way from Tenby to Haverfordweſt.

Llanfeth, or Lantphey Caſtle, attracted our notice, once the reſidence of the Biſhops of St. David's, but now a monument of deſolation. The three buildings of Swanſea Caſtle; Lantphey Court; and King John's Hall, St David's, are very ſimilar in their workmanſhip. We now arrived at

PEMBROKE.

Mr. Wyndham has ſo minutely delineated the preſent ſtate of this caſtle, that I cannot do better than tranſcribe his account:

"The approach (ſays this Author) to Pembroke "from the river, ſhews the town and caſtle to the "moſt beautiful advantage. The town is ſituated "upon the ridge of a long and narrow rock, gradually "aſcending to the higheſt point, on which ſtands the "caſtle, at the brink of the precipice. If I may com-"pare ſmall things with great, it much reſembles the "ſituation of Edinburgh.

"The caſtle is of Norman architecture, mixed with "early Gothic. The principal tower, which is un-"commonly high and perfect, has even its ſtone vaulted "roof remaining. The walls of this tower are four-

"teen

"teen feet in thickneſs, the diameter of the ſpace "within is twenty-five, and the heighth, from the "ground to the crown of the dome, is ſeventy-five "feet; but viſible marks appear within, that its height "was originally divided by four floors.

"Henry VII. was born in the preſent caſtle. The "natural cavern, called the Wogan, lies immediately "under the chapel, and opens with a wide mouth to-"wards the river. A communication from the cavern "to the caſtle, was made by a ſtair-caſe, on the outſide "of the rock; the entrance was barricaded with a "ſtrong wall, partly remaining, through which there "is now a large door-way opened to the ſhore of the "river. The cavern appears nearly circular; its dia-"meter is fifty-three feet; and its height is propor-"tionable to the diameter.

"In the civil war, this caſtle was a garriſon for the "crown, and being beſieged, made a gallant defence."

At Pembroke we hired a boat,* intending to ſail round the extenſive Haven of Milford; and, as we re-tired from the ſhore, we took a retroſpect of the dilapi-

* The price for two oars, ſeven ſhillings and ſix-pence; and twelve ſhillings and ſix-pence for four oars.

dated

dated walls of the caſtle, once the terror, and even in ruins, the pride of the ſcene. It is moſt adviſable to make this excurſion at high water, as it adds much to the picturesque ſcenery of the *tout enſemble*.

MILFORD HAVEN,

is juſtly compared to "an immenſe lake; for the mouth "not being at any diſtance viſible, the whole Haven "ſeems land-locked. Though it is a mile and three "quarters wide, it could not be defended againſt an "enemy, nor is there a ſufficiency of timber in the "neighbourhood.* This Haven is formed by a great "advance of the ſea into the land, it being above ten "miles from the ſouthermoſt point at Nangle to Pem-"broke, beyond which the tide comes up to and be-"yond Carew Caſtle. It is capable of holding the "whole navy of England, and the ſame is ſaid of Cork "harbour.† The ſpring tides riſe thirty-ſix feet, the "neap above twenty-ſix. Ships may be out of this "Haven in an hour's time, and in eight or ten hours "over at Ireland, or at the land's end, and this with "almoſt any wind, by day or night." Our reception at the miſerable place of

* Wyndham, p. 72. † *Philoſophical Survey of Ireland.*

HUBBER-

HUBBERSTON,

did not induce us to ſtay longer than was ſufficient to recruit ourſelves. We found the dirty inn pre-occupied by unfortunate Iriſh refugees: their ſituation was indeed melancholy;—driven from their country, their friends, and all, moſt dear to them!—And, wiſhing to forget their paſt ſufferings, the following lines ſeem applicable to their ſituation:

" Oh! cou'd oblivion's friendly draught
" Sooth all our ſorrows to repoſe;
" Nor that intruder, reſtleſs thought,
" Renew our agonizing woes!

" Then all, unconſcious of the paſt,
" The preſent hour might calmly glide;
" Keen retroſpect no more be caſt
" O'er life's tempeſtuous, changeful tide:

" Yet Heaven, to all its creatures kind,
" With peace can gild the deepeſt gloom;
" And, mid misfortune's wrecks, the mind
" May ſweet ſerenity aſſume."

Having refreſhed ourſelves, we walked to Milford, a ſmall village, oppoſite Hubberſton: ſeveral comfortable houſes

houſes are ſituated on the hill, commanding a delightful view of the Haven. Being ſatisfied with our day's excurſion, we again returned to our comfortable quarters at

TENBY,

which we left with regret a few days afterwards.—We again purſued the Pembroke road; and, about two miles from Tenby, the neglected walls of Carew Caſtle invited curioſity;—and,

" Deep ſtruck with awe, we mark'd the dome o'erthrown,
" Where once the beauty bloom'd, the warrior ſhone:
" We ſaw the caſtle's mouldering tow'rs decay'd,
" The looſe ſtone tott'ring o'er the trembling ſhade."

This caſtle, I imagine, was intended more for a noble reſidence, than a place of defence. The walls of this building are very thick, and conſtructed with ſtones, of a large ſize, ſtrongly cemented with mortar. It is ſituated on a branch of Milford Haven, and conſiſts of a range of apartments built round a quadrangle, with a circular tower at each corner. The ſouth wall is entirely demoliſhed; but the north conſiſts of a ſpacious hall, meaſuring one hundred and two feet by twenty, ſuppoſed to have been built by Sir John Perrot:

Perrot: above and under this hall, are noble apartments, and extenſive offices. This caſtle appears to have been erected at different times, if we may judge from the architecture. Every ledge of the walls of the towers, denoting the different ſtories, were emboſſed with vegetation, which ſeemed to grow from the ſolid ſtone. Over the gate-way, at the weſt ſide, are the arms of England, Duke of Lancaſter, and Carew; and contiguous to this entrance, is another ſpacious room, meaſuring eighty feet by thirty.

In the farm-yard, adjoining the church, which has a lofty ſquare tower, is a dilapidated ſtone-building, called the Parſonage.

Leaving Carew, we croſſed a ſmall bridge over an arm of Milford Haven, and continued our route acroſs a barren and unintereſting heath; till, deſcending to the village of

CRESSELEY,

the luxuriant plantation of firs, belonging to Sir William Hamilton, attracted our attention. Small veſſels conſtantly frequent this quay, from whence a quantity of ſmall coal is ſhipped to different parts. From hence the

the road is extremely barren and unpicturesque; but, about three miles from

LANDSHIPPING,

an arm of Milford Haven again burst upon our sight. Near it is situated the uninhabited house of Sir William Owen. In crossing the ferry, Picton Castle, the property of Lord Milford, formed a prominent feature in the gay scene; and Slebitch, the seat of Mr. Philips, standing at the end of the Haven, contributes considerably to this picturesque prospect.

The grounds of

PICTON,

through which we passed, about five miles in extent, seemed to be well planned, and kept in excellent order.

This castle has always been inhabited; and having escaped the fate of all other castles in Wales, during the civil wars, it retained, till very late, much of its original external form. It is now occupied by Lord Milford, and rendered a very comfortable summer residence.

dence. At the extremity of the park, a good turnpike-road ſoon conducted us to

HAVERFORD-WEST,

which is conſidered as one of the largeſt towns in South-Wales. It is very irregularly built, on the declivity of a hill, which is, in ſome parts, ſo very ſteep, that the ground-rooms frequently overlook the neighbouring roofs; yet there are ſome good houſes. It is conſidered as a county of itſelf, and ſends one member to parliament. The town was formerly fortified by a ſtrong wall, or rampart, on the weſtern ſummit: the ſhell of a once-extenſive caſtle, is ſtill remaining; this is now converted into a gaol.

The Parade, commanding a cheerful view of the neighbouring country, and the ruins of an ancient abbey, extends for a conſiderable way, by the ſide of a hill. At the extremity of this walk, ſtand the ruins of an ancient priory of Black Canons: the remains are now very inconſiderable, but we eaſily traced the chapel, over one end of which is an arch, ſtill in good preſervation, and beautifully enwreathed with the rich drapery of ivy.

Haver-

Haverford is called by the Welch, *Hwlfordh.** Having finiſhed our ſurvey of Haverford, we ſtarted early the next morning, propoſing to breakfaſt at

NEWGIN BRIDGE,

where we underſtood we ſhould meet with every thing comfortable; but, to our diſappointment, we found a moſt miſerable, dirty pot-houſe, deſtitute of even the common comforts of life. We were literally obliged to ſtoop, in order to gain acceſs to the kitchen, which contained a ſmall bed, and a few chairs; through this an elderly woman conducted us to what ſhe diſtinguiſhed by the name of a parlour: in this room the furniture conſiſted of two beds, a dirty table, and a few chairs. With diſguſt we left this miſerable hovel, and contented ourſelves with a baſon of milk: we declined eating the bread, or rather oatmeal cake, which was of the coarſeſt and hardeſt nature. I here recollected Shen-

* "This caſtle (ſays an eminent Author) is ſaid to have been built by "Gilbert, Earl of Clare, who lived in the reign of King Stephen; and "Camden reports, that Richard, Earl of Clare, made Richard Fitz-Tan-"kred governor thereof. It was one of thoſe in the hands of the Fle-"mings, when they firſt came into Dyvet, or Pembrokeſhire."

ſtone's

ſtone's complimentary lines on an inn, but could not apply them on the preſent occaſion:

" Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
" Where'er his ſtages may have been,
" May ſigh to think that he has found
" The warmeſt welcome at an inn."*

The road from Haverford to Newgin we found very unintereſting; and the ſhell of

ROACH CASTLE

did not detain us long. It ſtands on a rocky eminence, now completely in ruins, with only one tower remaining. " Roach Caſtle (ſays Leland) in Rouſeland, to " the right of the road to St. David's, ſhews a round " and ſome double out-works, viſible at a great diſtance. " It belonged to the lords Ferrars, and old Langeville, " knt. of Bucks."

In deſcending the hill to Newgin, the dark lowering rocks, which form that fine bay, called St. Bride's, exhibited a grand proſpect. In the centre of this bay is ſituated Newgin, bounded on the ſouth by the iſland

* Theſe lines were frequently repeated by Dr. Johnſon, whoſe partiality to inns is well known.

of Skomar, and on the north by Ramſay. The fields adjacent to this place have been frequently inundated, by extraordinary overflowings of the ſea: at the reflux of the tide, the ſands admit of moſt excellent walking.

The ſaunter from hence to the city of

ST. DAVIDS,

now properly deſerving the name of a village, was rather more captivating than our walk before breakfaſt: it was occaſionally enlivened by the proſpect of the wide ocean, boundleſs to our view on one ſide, whilſt before us the fantaſtic ſhapes of the rocks off St. David's Head, exhibited Nature, in her moſt awful and ſtriking attitudes. Above the reſt, Caern Thydy lifted its bold promontory, as if to give effect to the rude landſcape. About half way between Newgin and St. Davids, the beautiful little village of Solva unexpectedly burſt upon our view; ſtudded with neat white-waſhed cottages, and encloſed on each ſide with lofty rocks, which here form a picturesque and intereſting chaſm. Theſe rocks, indeed, I could almoſt imagine, were torn aſunder by ſome convulſive rent of the earth. The cathedral, and dilapidated ruins of the epiſcopal palace, are ſituated at the bottom of a ſteep hill, and ſcarcely viſible in the town.

town: theſe, and the prebendal houſes, were formerly encloſed by a ſtrong ſtone wall, with four gates, computed at eleven hundred yards in circuit. David,* the national ſaint of Wales, with the conſent of King Arthur, is ſaid to have removed the metropolitan ſee from Cær Lleon to Menevia, which has ever ſince been called *Ty Dewi*, by the Welch, and St. David, by the Engliſh. What was the condition and extent of this town formerly, is difficult to ſay, having been ſo frequently deſtroyed. At preſent it is a very ſmall city, and has nothing to boaſt, but its ruined palace, and old cathedral, dedicated to St. Andrew and St. David, which has often been demoliſhed, but rebuilt, in its preſent form, by Biſhop Peter, according to Giraldus, in the reign of Henry II. or as Willis, 1110, in Rhos Vale, below the town. It is ſtill eſteemed a noble pile, conſiſting of two tranſepts, meaſuring in length, from eaſt to weſt, three hundred feet, and the body, with the aiſles, ſeventy-ſix feet broad.

* "This celebrated perſon was uncle to King Arthur, and ſon of a "Prince of Wales. After being ſeated in the ſee of St. David ſixty-five "years, and having built twelve monaſteries; after having been exem-"plary in the piety of thoſe days, this holy perſon died, at a moſt ad-"vanced period of human life; having attained, as it is ſaid, to the age "of one hundred and forty-ſix years. He was buried in the cathedral "church of St. David; and many years after canonized by Pope Caliſtus "the Second."—*Warrington's Hiſtory of Wales*, vol. ii. p. 385.

" Behind the choir is a moſt beautiful chapel, with " a rich roof of carved ſtone, built by Vaughan, in the " time of Henry VIII. as a kind of preſbytery, between " the choir and Lady chapel. In the laſt, whoſe roof, " as well as thoſe of the aiſles of the choir and tran- " ſepts, have been down ever ſince the civil war, are " monuments of three biſhops, and in the nave, &c. " four or five more. In the north wall of the choir " is the ſhrine of St. David, a kind of altar tomb, with " a canopy of four pointed arches, and in front four " quatrefoil holes, into which the votaries put their " offerings, which were taken out by the Monks at two " iron doors behind. In the choir are alſo the monu- " ments of Owen Tudor, ſecond huſband of Queen " Catharine, Rhys ap Tudor,* Biſhops Jorwerth and " Anſelm, in the thirteenth century, and Edmund, " Earl of Richmond, father of Henry VII. This laſt " monument is ſaid to have prevented Henry VIII. " from removing the ſee to Caermarthen. Giraldus " Cambrenſis, who was archdeacon of Brecon, canon " of Hereford, and rector of Cheſterton, Oxford, was " buried here 1213.† On the north ſide of the church " are ſome walls of St. Mary's College, founded by

* To whoſe ſon a MS. t. Elizabeth, quoted by Willis, p. 69, gives Owen's monument.

† *Tan. Bib. Brit.*

" Biſhop

" Biſhop Houghton, and John of Gaunt, 1365, valued " at one hundred and ſix pounds *per annum.*"*

It is much to be regretted, that ſo little regard has been paid to the internal appearance of this noble pile; the whole of it has lately been white-waſhed, which gives it too much the air of a modern building: the external part, I am ſorry to add, has been equally neglected; and the chapels and monuments expoſed to the wanton miſchief of boys and idle people. The weſt front of the cathedral has very lately been repaired by a Mr. Naſh,† who has endeavoured, with bad ſucceſs, to imitate the beautiful circular window remaining in the ruins of the biſhop's palace. The ſtone, likewiſe, with which it is built, is of ſo ſoft a ſubſtance, that it even moulders with the touch of the finger; but poſſibly it may, by being expoſed to the air, like the Bath ſtone, become more ſolid; and, when by time it ſhall have acquired a darker hue, may then better correſpond with the original building.

The biſhop's palace now ſtands a monument of deſolation;—and as we walked over the looſe fragments of ſtone, which are ſcattered through the immenſe area of the fabric, the images of former times roſe to reflec-

* Tan. 720.

† This gentleman, I believe, is an inhabitant of Worceſter.

tion,—when the ſpacious hall ſtood proudly in their original ſplendor; when the long aiſles of the chapel were only reſponſive to the ſolemn, ſlow-breathed chaunt. In this palace is a very long room, purpoſely erected for the reception of King John: at the extremity of it is a circular window, of very elegant and curious workmanſhip.

Giraldus gives us a true deſcription of the country round St. Davids, repreſenting it "as a ſtony, barren, "unimprovable territory, undecked with woods, undi-"vided by rivers, unadorned with meadows, expoſed "only to wind and ſtorms." Such, indeed, is the ſtate and ſituation of St. Davids; and, the environs having no hedges to divide the property of the farmers, the ſheep, and even the geeſe, are all tethered together.

The walk to St. David's Head, though barren, repreſents a view ſtriking and awful: ſublimity gives place to elegance: yet what is it to view?—a boundleſs waſte of ocean;—not a glimpſe of ſmiling nature,—not a patch of vegetation, to relieve the aching ſight, or vary the objects of admiration. The rocks on this ſhore, are ſhook into every poſſible ſhape of horror; and, in many parts, reſemble the convulſions of an earthquake, ſplintered, ſhivered, and amaſſed. On theſe rocks ſtood the famous rocking ſtone, or *Y mean ſigl*,

ſigl, which, "though twenty yoke of oxen could not "move it, might be ſhaken with the ſlighteſt touch." We underſtood it was thrown off its balance, by order of the farmer, to prevent the curious from trampling on his grounds. "A mile ſtrait weſt from St. Davids, "betwixt Portclais and Porthmaur,"* is the ſhell of Capel Stinen, St. Stinan's, or St. Juſtinian's Chapel.

From this ſpot is an extenſive view of Whitſand Bay, called by the Welch *Porth Maur*, or the Great Bay; in which ſtand the ſix rocks, called *The Biſhop and his Clerks*. Half a league from hence is

RAMSEY ISLE,

half a mile long, and three quarters broad, and divided into two conſiderable farms. The whole iſland is well ſtocked with rabbits; and, during the ſpring, the Razorbill, Puffin, and Harry birds, reſort here in flocks.

Our walk, from St. Davids to

FISHGUARD,

afforded us little room for obſervation; the eye, howe-

* Leland, vol. v. p. 25.

ver, kept in view a wide range of the unbounded ocean, till, dim with exertion, it by degrees repoſed on the dark lowering rocks, which, diſregarding the angry roar of the waves, ſeemed to project their broad ſides, to augment the idle tumult. Quitting the turnpike road, in ſearch of the place where the French effected their landing in 1797, we paſſed a neat houſe, called Caergwent, belonging to Mrs. Harris. The kind attentions of a farmer, in the neighbourhood of this memorable ſpot, claim our warmeſt acknowledgments. Having finiſhed a moſt comfortable meal at Mr. Mortimer's houſe, (which, during the confuſion was conſidered the head-quarters of the French, commanded by general Tate) he explained all the minutiæ reſpecting this circumſtance; and very obligingly pointed out the ſituation of their camp, and related many entertaining and intereſting anecdotes. Deeply impreſſed with gratitude towards Mr. M. for his civilities, we ſoon arrived at Goodric Sands. This ſpot was very judiciouſly ſelected by Lord Cawdor, as a proper place for the French to lay down their arms; for, had they reſiſted, a cannonade of grape-ſhot, from a neighbouring fortreſs, would have inſtantly played upon them. Fiſhguard ſtands on a ſteep rock, with a convenient harbour, formed by the river Gwain; though its ſituation and bay are intereſting, it is by no means a deſirable place to remain long at.

Several

Several Druidical monuments* engaged our attention, as we drew near

NEWPORT,

called by Giraldus Llanhever, or the town on the river Nevern. The fragments of the caſtle are too inſignificant to invite the curioſity of the paſſing traveller: it was demoliſhed by Llewllyn, Prince of South-Wales, when poſſeſſed by the Flemings.

The country beyond Newport preſented a more pleaſing countenance: wood, water, hill, and vale, all unite, even to induce the plodding citizen to pauſe, and wiſh to ſpend the evening of his days in the vicinity of its enchantment. In this intereſting ſituation, we found the village of Velindre:—we here particularly obſerved the ſlaty quality of the hills, and could not avoid condemning the folly of the inhabitants of Velindre, in building their cottages of mud, and ſparingly covering them with ſtraw, when Nature herſelf ſeemed to place comforts, if not luxuries, before their view. But, perhaps, theſe reproaches were ill-grounded: for, thus veiled in obſcurity, they were happy, as they knew

* For a deſcription of theſe monuments, ſee Wyndham.

not

not enough of the world ſeriouſly to regret the want of theſe conveniences: their ſituation, indeed, ſeemed to verify the philoſophical ſentiment of Gray:

"Since ignorance is bliſs,
"'Tis folly to be wiſe."

For though they ſuffer the extremes of filth and penury, yet they enjoy the two ineſtimable bleſſings, health and felicity.

The broken towers of

KILGERRAN CASTLE,

ſoon attracted our notice. The relicks of this ruin ſtand on a point of rock, impending over the river Tyvi, whoſe beauty time had only impaired, to heighten its grandeur. Two imperfect circular towers, and the fragments of a wall, now only remain. The river Tyvi, I imagine, abounds with fiſh, as we obſerved at every door, in the village of Kilgerran, a coracle.* The conſtruction of this little water conveyance is remarkably ſimple, and intended ſolely for the uſe of fiſhing: a thick ſkin, or coarſe pitched canvas, is ſtretched over

* It receives its name from *corium*, a hide, or ſkin.

wicker-

wicker-work. This ſingular fiſhing-boat conveys only one man, who manages it with the greateſt adroitneſs imaginable; the right hand being employed in uſing the paddle, the left in conducting the net, and the teeth in holding the line. Two coracles generally co-operate, to aſſiſt each other in fiſhing: they uſually meaſure about five feet long, and four broad, and rounded at the corners; and, after the labours of the day, are conveyed, on the back, to the little cot of the fiſherman, which is looked upon as a neceſſary appendage to the cottage door.

Deſcription can ſcarcely ſuggeſt the full magnificence and beauty of the ſaunter from hence to Cardigan: the valley, about two miles in extent, ſeemed to poſſeſs all that Nature inherits; ſloping hills, two hundred feet high, covered with wood, from the water's edge, to their higheſt ſummit, and at the moſt acceptable diſtances, and truly happy ſituations, interrupted by a bold, naked, and projecting rock: whilſt the broad and tranſlucid ſtream of the Tyvi reflects, as in a mirror, the blackneſs of the impending ſhades. The retroſpect commands the romantic ruins of Kilgerran Caſtle, whoſe mutilated walls cloſe this delicious landſcape. The whole valley bears a ſtrong reſemblance to the ſituation of the celebrated Piercefield. As this ſpot is entirely loſt, by keeping the turnpike road, it is advi-

adviſable for travellers, in general, to hire a boat from Cardigan to Kilgerran: this, our humble, and leſs-encumbered mode of travelling rendered unneceſſary.

At Llechryd, not far from Kilgerran, extenſive tin-works are carried on by Sir Benjamin Hamet. Having already examined works of this nature at Neath, we preferred the romantic vale of Kilgerran; as to accompliſh both, would have occupied too much time.

We entered the town of

CARDIGAN,

over a handſome ſtone-bridge, built over the Tyvi, which is here of conſiderable width. In front of this ſtands, on a ſteep eminence, the caſtle, conſiſting chiefly of its outer walls, which prove it to have been once a conſiderable building. This place, conſidered the principal town of the county, is called by the Britons *Abertuvi*; which name it receives from ſtanding near the *mouth of the river Tyvi*. It was fortified, together with the caſtle, by Gilbert, ſon of Richard Clare, and demoliſhed by Rhees ap Gryffith.

The

The town is large, and regular; its chief trade conſiſting in lead, exported to Ireland. The church is large, and well built, with a handſome tower. The new gaol, finiſhed in 1797, is conveniently ſituated, and appears to be a well-planned building.

One mile from Cardigan is

ST. DOGMAEL's ABBEY,

called, by Leland,* a "Priory of Bonhommes." The *Monaſticon* places this houſe amongſt the Benedictines; but it was that ſtrict and reformed ſort of Benedictines, called the order of *Tiron*, founded by *Martin of Tours*, who conquered the country of Cemmeis, about the time of King William the Conqueror. Part of the ruins is now converted into a chapel, for the convenience of the vicinity.

At the ſecond mile ſtone, in our road from Cardigan, to the village of

LLANARTH,

we halted a ſhort time, to take a retroſpect of the

* *Itin.* vol. v. p. 12.

country

country we had paſſed. From this ſpot, the town and caſtle of Cardigan, ſtanding on an eminence, in the centre of a broad valley, and encircled with hills, beautifully introduced themſelves to our view. From hence to

ABERAERON,

grand ſea proſpects continued to enliven our route;—whilſt the faint and ſtill fainter hues of the coaſt of Ireland appeared juſt viſibly ſkirting the diſtant horizon.

Aberaeron is ſituated in a vale, near the conflux of the river Aeron with the ſea: from whence it receives its name; *Aber* ſignifying the *mouth* of any thing.

The entrenchment, mentioned by Sael, in his *Collection of Tours*, about a mile from Aberaeron, is now almoſt waſhed away, by the daily encroachments of the ſea. We lamented, that the Druidical ſepulchral monuments, mentioned by the ſame Author, were inadvertently paſſed unnoticed by us.

In this day's journey, we ſtill continued to indulge the ſublime emotions, which an unconfined view of the ocean

ocean always inſpires; a ſerene day, with partial gleams of ſunſhine, gave magical effects to the ſcenery; and the ſea was enlivened with many a veſſel, paſſing each other in various directions, and contributing to render the terrific ocean beautiful. Before us, the towering mountains of Merionethſhire glittered in all thoſe colours of beauty, which conſtitute the ſublime; and we appeared only to climb one hill, to view others ſtill riſing in endleſs perſpective: over the whole was diffuſed the rich glow of evening; and the diſtant mountains were variegated by the parting tinge of lingering day. A neat church, backed by romantic hills, animated the village of Llanryſted. Three miles from

ABERYSTWITH,

we pauſed at Llanryan Bridge, to admire the rich banks riſing on each ſide of the river Yſtwith, over which this bridge is thrown; it is built in the ſtyle of the celebrated Pont y prydd, in the vale of Glamorganſhire. We entered the town of Aberyſtwith, over a temporary wooden bridge.* In the year 1796, a ſtone bridge experienced the ſame fate with many others in Wales, occaſioned by a ſudden thaw: Mr. Edwards, from Dol-

* Over the river Rhyddol.

gelly

gelly is now engaged in erecting another, by contract, conſiſting of ſix arches.

Aberyſtwith, partaking much of the dirt of ſea-ports in general, is ſituated at the termination of the vale of Rhyddol, in the bay of Cardigan, and open to St. George's Channel. The environs are ſtony and rugged; the coaſt affords indifferent bathing being much expoſed; and the ſhore rough and unpleaſant. In fine, it is, in almoſt all reſpects, the reverſe of Tenby, except it has the advantage in the number of houſes, and, conſequently, more company. At the extremity of the town, upon an eminence, ſtand the ruins of an ancient caſtle, of which little now remains but a ſolitary tower, overlooking a wide expanſe of ſea. It was rendered famous, by being, at one time, the reſidence of the great Cadwalader, and in all the Welch wars conſidered as a fortreſs of great ſtrength: it was built by Gilbert Strongbow, 1107, and rebuilt by Edward I. in 1277, a few years before his complete conqueſt of Wales. The ruin of the caſtle now affords a pleaſant walk.

But what formerly rendered this town more conſiderable were the rich lead mines in its vicinity. Theſe mines are ſaid to have yielded near a hundred ounces of ſilver from a ton of lead, and to have produced a profit

profit of two thouſand pounds a month. Sir Hugh Middleton here made the vaſt fortune, which he afterwards expended on the New River, conſtructed for the purpoſe of ſupplying the northern ſide of London with water. But Thomas Buſhell raiſed theſe mines to their greateſt height: an indenture was granted to him by Charles I. for the coining of ſilver pieces, to be ſtamped with oſtrich feathers, on both ſides, for the benefit of paying his workmen. This gentleman was afterwards appointed governor of Lundy Iſle. The moſt conſiderable lead mine was that of Bwlch-yr-Eſkir-his, diſcovered in 1690. The ore was here ſo near the ſurface, that the moſs and graſs in ſome places ſcarcely covered it.

Cloſe to the ſcite of the old caſtle, Mr. Uvedale Price, of Foxley in Herefordſhire, has erected a fantaſtic houſe in the caſtellated form, intended merely as a ſummer reſidence. Mr. Naſh, of Caermarthen, was the architect: it conſiſts of three octagon towers, with a balcony towards the ſea. The rooms are well contrived, and elegantly furniſhed: the windows command an unlimited view of St. George's Channel; and the dilapidated fragments of the caſtle, are from hence viewed to great advantage.

We determined to purſue the banks of the meander-

ing Rhyddol, in preference to the turnpike road, in our way to Havod.

This valley comprehends every thing that conſtitutes the beautiful: it is encloſed by high mountains on each ſide, vegetating to their ſummits; indeed, all the tints of verdure and diverſity of foliage, here introduce themſelves in one view; the Rhyddol ſtruggling with the huge maſſes of rock,—its never-ceaſing, tumultuous motion,—its ſparkling foam;—in fine, every thing that can be imagined, by the moſt enthuſiaſtic admirer of nature, is blended in this ſhort excurſion:—

——————"*is not this vale*
"More free from peril than the envious courts?
"Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
"The ſeaſon's difference, as the icy fang
"And churliſh chiding of the winter's wind."

SHAKSPEARE.

To the inquiſitive pedeſtrian, (for this vale is inacceſſible for carriages,) the old church of Llanbadem Vawr, which ſignifies *The church of Great Paternus*, a native of Bretagne, is particularly intereſting; who, as the Writer of his Life expreſſes it, "by feeding go-"verned, and by governing fed the church of Cre-"tica." To his memory this church, and formerly an

an epiſcopal ſee, was founded: but the biſhopric, as Roger Hoveden writes, "early declined, becauſe the "pariſhioners ſlew their paſtor.*

As we drew near the

DEVIL's BRIDGE,

a long chain of mountains excited our admiration, encircled half way down with a thick miſt, ſimilar in appearance to a girdle: this circumſtance ſeems to juſtify the bold imaginary, and beautiful deſcription of a mountain given by the Poet:

"As ſome tall cliff that lifts its awful form
"Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the ſtorm;
"Though round its breaſt the rolling clouds are ſpread,
"Eternal ſunſhine ſettles on its head."

GOLDSMITH.

The comfortable inn, ſituated near this romantic ſpot, ſtands in front of the river Rhyddol, and commanding the moſt picturesque view fancy can paint, was built by the reſpectable and truly hoſpitable owner of Havod.

* The additions to Camden, 1695, ſuppoſe this, Biſhop Idnert.

This celebrated bridge, ſo much the object of curioſity and admiration, is ſo completely environed with trees, that many travellers, not intent upon deep inveſtigation, or in purſuit of nature's landſcapes, may paſs over it, without the leaſt ſuſpicion of the dreadful aperture, or the ancient ſtructure, that conveys them over the gulf. On the eaſtern ſide we deſcended a ſteep, and treacherous bank, conſiſting of ſlate rock, or *laminac*, I ſhould imagine, near a hundred feet: this is the computed meaſurement; but the eye, confuſed by the awfulneſs of the ſcene, loſes its faculty of judging. From this ſpot, the vaſt chine, or chaſm, over which the bridge is thrown, is ſeen to great advantage: the whole of this fiſſure was probably occaſioned by ſome convulſion of nature, as each indenture ſeems to correſpond with the oppoſite protuberance. Under the bridge, the river Mynach, in its confined courſe, meeting with obſtructions of maſſy rock, and fragments of prodigious ſize, ruſhes through the chaſm with irreſiſtible violence.

This bridge is called in Welſh *Pont-ar-Fynach*, or Mynach Bridge: it conſiſts of two arches, one thrown over the other. The foundation of the under one is of great antiquity, and vulgarly attributed to the invention of the Devil: it is ſuppoſed to have been erected as far back as the year 1087, in the reign of William

liam II., by the Monks of Strata Florida Abbey, the ruins of which are ſtill viſible, about ten miles from hence. Gerald mentions his paſſing over it, when he accompanied Baldwin, Archbiſhop of Cambray, at the time of the cruſades, in the year 1188, and in the reign of Richard I. The original arch being ſuſpected to be in a ruinous condition, the preſent bridge was built over it, at the expence of the county, in the year 1753. The width of the chaſm is eſtimated at about thirty feet.

Our Ciceroni firſt conducted us to a fall on the river Rhyddol, unobſerved in Walker's *Deſcription of the Devil's Bridge*, and unnoticed by Warner. The character of this fall is remarkably ſingular: a huge fragment of rock, projecting over the river for a conſiderable way, precipitates the water in a ſingular, and almoſt inexpreſſible direction; the rocks are occaſionally variegated by the dark foliage of underwood, and ſometimes barren, rugged, and impending.

Deſcription cannot ſuggeſt the full magnificence of the proſpect which ſpread before us, on our arrival at the grand fall of the Mynach; for though it may paint the grandeur of the elegance of outline, yet it cannot equal the archetypes in nature, or draw the minute features, that reward the actual obſerver, at every new choice of

his poſition: reviewing this thundering cataract, in the leiſure of recollection, theſe nervous lines of Thomſon ſeem to deſcribe much of the ſcene:

" Smooth to the ſhelving brink a copious flood
" Rolls fair and placid, where collected all
" In one impetuous torrent, down the ſteep
" It thundering ſhoots, and ſhakes the country round.
" At firſt an azure ſheet, it ruſhes broad;
" Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls,
" And from the loud-reſounding rocks below
" Daſh'd in a cloud of foam, it ſends aloft
" A hoary miſt, and forms a ceaſeleſs ſhower.
" Nor can the tortured wave here find repoſe:
" But raging ſtill amid the ſhaggy rocks,
" Now flaſhes o'er the ſcatter'd fragments, now
" Aſlant the hollow channel rapid darts;
" And falling faſt from gradual ſlope to ſlope,
" With wild infracted courſe, and leſſen'd roar,
" It gains a ſafer bed, and ſteals, at laſt,
" Along the mazes of the quiet vale."

The following Table, taken from Walker's *Deſcription of the Devil's Bridge*, gives the exact height from the top of the bridge, to the water underneath, and the different falls from thence, till the Mynach delivers itſelf into the Rhyddol below:

FALLS,

FALLS, &c.

	Feet.
From the bridge to the water -	114
Firſt fall - - - - -	18
Second ditto - - -	60
Third ditto - - -	20
Grand cataract - -	110
From the bridge to the Rhyddol -	322

The rocks on each ſide of the fall riſe perpendicularly to the height of eight hundred feet, and are finely clothed with the richeſt vegetation, to the loftieſt ſummit.

Near the baſon of the firſt fall from the bridge we entered a dark cavern, formerly inhabited by a ſet of robbers, two brothers and a ſiſter, called *Plant Mat*, or *Plant Fat*, ſignifying Matthew's children. Tradition reports, that they committed various depredations in the neighbourhood, and lived concealed in this "*ſpecus* "*horrendum*" for many years, from the keen reſearch of "day's gariſh eye." The entrance juſt admits ſufficient light to make "darkneſs viſible."

With regret we left this romantic ſpot; where, if retirement ever had "local habitation," this was her

" place of deareſt reſidence." " One excurſion" (ſays Mr. Cumberland) " to this place, will not ſuffice com-" mon obſervers; nor indeed many, to the lovers of " the grand ſports of nature." " The Mynach" (in another place he deſcribes) " coming down from be-" neath the Devil's Bridge, has no equal for height or " beauty that I know of; for although a ſtreamlet, to " the famous fall of Narni in Italy, yet it rivals it in " height, and ſurpaſſes it in elegance.

" After paſſing deep below the bridge, as through a " narrow firth, with noiſes loud and ruinous, into a " confined chaſm, the fleet waters pour headlong and " impetuous, and leaping from rock to rock, with fury, " literally laſh the mountain's ſides; ſometimes almoſt " imbowered among deep groves, and flaſhing, at laſt, " into a fan-like form, the fall rattling among the " looſe ſtones of the Devil's Hole—where to all ap-" pearance, it ſhoots into a gulf beneath, and ſilently " ſteals away: for ſo much is carried off in ſpray, " during the inceſſant repercuſſions it experiences, in " this long tortuous ſhoot, that in all probability, not " half the water arrives at the bottom of its profound " and ſullen grave."

Four miles from hence, on the Llandiloe's road, is ſituated

HAVOD,

HAVOD,

the celebrated ſeat of Mr. Johnes. The former part of the road is barren and unintereſting: but, on our firſt entrance into the grounds, all our paſt complaints were loſt in expreſſions of admiration. The manſion is a very elegant piece of architecture, built of Portland ſtone, and the plan entirely novel, being a mixture of the Mooriſh and Gothic, with turrets and painted windows. The whole of it indeed does great credit to the architect, Mr. Baldwyn of Bath. It is ſituated near the banks of the river Yſtwith, and beautifully enviroined by lofty hills, clothed with oak. The interior of the houſe correſponds in elegance with the exterior. From the hall we were conducted through a ſuite of elegant apartments, very judiciouſly fitted up with paintings, ſtatues, and antiques; but the library more particularly engaged our notice, containing a choice and valuable collection of books: this octagonal room is built in the form of a dome, with a gallery round it, ſupported by a colonade of variegated marble pillars, of the ancient Doric order, with a circular window at top, for the admiſſion of light. We entered through a handſome door, inlaid with a large reflecting mirror; immediately oppoſite is another door, of tranſparent plate-glaſs,

glaſs, leading to the conſervatory, three hundred feet in length, and containing a number of curious, and rare exotics, with a walk down the centre of the building. In fine, the effect of the *tout enſemble* can better be imagined than deſcribed. Amongſt the other things worthy of admiration, a handſome ſtatue, in the library, of Thetis dipping Anchiſes in the river Styx, more particularly detains attention. We next paſſed through the billiard-room, and were conducted to the top of the ſtair-caſe, to admire two elegant paintings, the ſubjects taken from Capt. Cook's *Voyages:* the painter is unknown. Many of the rooms are beautifully furniſhed with rich Gobelin tapeſtry.

To give my Readers a juſt conception of the beauties of Havod, I ſhall beg leave to borrow the elegant deſcription of it, drawn by the maſterly pen of Mr. Cumberland:

"Havod," ſays Mr. Cumberland, "is a place in it-
"ſelf ſo pre-eminently beautiful, that it highly merits
"a particular deſcription. It ſtands ſurrounded with
"ſo many noble ſcenes, diverſified with elegance, as
"well as with grandeur; the country on the approach
"to it is ſo very wild and uncommon, and the place
"itſelf is now ſo embelliſhed by art, that it will be dif-
"ficult, I believe, to point out a ſpot that can be put
"in

" in competition with it, conſidered either as the object
" of the painter's eye, the poet's mind, or as a deſirable
" reſidence for thoſe who, admirers of the beautiful
" wildneſs of nature, love alſo to inhale the pure air
" of aſpiring mountains, and enjoy that *ſanto pacè* (as
" the Italians expreſſively term it,) which ariſes from
" ſolitudes made ſocial by a family circle.

" From the portico, it commands a woody, narrow,
" winding vale; the undulating forms of whoſe aſcend-
" ing, ſhaggy ſides, are richly clothed with various
" foliage, broken with ſilver water-falls, and crowned
" with climbing ſheep-walks, reaching to the clouds.

" Neither are the luxuries of life abſent; for, on the
" margin of the Yſtwith, where it flows broadeſt
" through this delicious vale, we ſee hot-houſes, and a
" conſervatory; beneath the rocks, a bath; amid the
" receſſes of the woods, a flower-garden; and within
" the building, whoſe decorations, though rich, are
" pure and ſimple, we find a maſs of rare and valuable
" literature, whoſe pages here ſeem doubly precious,
" where meditation finds ſcope to range unmoleſted.

" In a word, ſo many are the delights afforded by
" the ſcenery of this place, and its vicinity, to a mind
" imbued with any taſte, that the impreſſion on mine
" was

" was increaſed, after an interval of ten years from the " firſt viſit, employed chiefly in travelling among the " Alps, the Appenines, the Sabine Hills, and the Ty- " rolleſe; along the ſhores of the Adriatic, over the " Glaciers of Switzerland, and up the Rhine; where, " though in ſearch of beauty, I never, I feel, ſaw any " thing ſo fine—never ſo many pictures concentred in " one ſpot; ſo that, warned by the renewal of my ac- " quaintance with them, I am irreſiſtibly urged to at- " tempt a deſcription of the hitherto almoſt virgin- " haunts of theſe obſcure mountains.

" Wales, and its borders, both North and South, " abound, at intervals, with fine things: Piercefield " has grounds of great magnificence, and wonderfully " pictureſque beauty. Downton Caſtle has a delicious " woody vale, moſt taſtefully managed; Llangollen is " brilliant; the banks of the Conway ſavagely grand; " Barmouth romantically rural; the great Piſtill Rhay- " ader is horribly wild; Rhayader Wennol, gay, and " glorioufly irregular—each of which merits a ſtudied " deſcription.

" But, at Havod, and its neighbourhood, I find the " effects of all in one circle; united with this pecu- " liarity, that the deep dingles, and mighty woody " ſlopes, which from a different ſource, conduct the " Rhyd-

" Rhyddol's never-failing waters from Plynlimmon,
" and the Fynach, are of a unique character, as
" mountainous foreſts, accompanying gigantic ſize
" with graceful forms; and, taken altogether, I ſee
" the ' ſweeteſt interchange of hill and valley, rivers,
" woods, and plains, and falls, with foreſts crowned,
" rocks, dens, and caves;' inſomuch, that it requires
" little enthuſiaſm there to feel forcibly with Mil-
" ton,"

" All things that be, ſend up from earth's great altar
" Silent praiſe!"

" There are four fine walks from the houſe, chiefly
" through ways artificially made by the proprietor;
" all dry, kept clean, and compoſed of materials found
" on the ſpot; which is chiefly a courſe ſtone, of a
" greyiſh caſt, friable in many places, and, like ſlate,
" but oftener conſiſting of immenſe maſſes, that coſt
" the miner in making ſome part of theſe walks,
" exceſſive labour; for there are places, where it was
" neceſſary to perforate the rock many yards, in order
" to paſs a promontory, that, jutting acroſs the way,
" denied further acceſs; and to go round which, you
" muſt have taken a great tour, and made a fatiguing
" deſcent. As it is, the walks are ſo conducted, that
" few are ſteep; the tranſitions eaſy, the returns com-
" modious,

"modious, and the branches diſtinct. Neither are "they too many, for much is left for future projectors; "and if a man be ſtout enough to range the under- "woods, and faſtidious enough to reject all trodden "paths, he may, almoſt every where, ſtroll from the "ſtudied line, till he be glad to regain the friendly con- "duct of the well-known way.

"Yet one muſt be nice, not to be content at firſt "to viſit the beſt points of view by the general rou- "tine; for all that is here done, has been to remove "obſtructions, reduce the materials, and conceal the "art; and we are no where preſented with attempts "to force the untamed ſtreams, or indeed to invent "any thing where nature, the great miſtreſs, has left "all art behind."

We now for many miles paſſed a barren, dreary country, completely encircled with hills, and we only climbed one, to obſerve ſtill others riſing in the diſtant perſpective: not even a houſe or tree appeared to interrupt the awfulneſs of the mountains, which, after the copious fall of rain in the night, teemed with innumerable cataracts. According to our directions, we enquired at the foot of Plinlimmon for Rhees Morgan, as a proper man to be our Conductor over the heights of the "fruitful father of rivers." This man being abſent, the

the whole family appeared thunderſtruck at our appearance, and ran with all haſte imaginable into their miſerable cot, or which might rather be dignified with the appellation of a pig-ſtye; as that *filthy animal* ſeemed to claim with the wretched family, an equal right to a ſhare of the hovel. One apartment ſerved for the inhabitants of every deſcription, with only one ſmall hole to admit the light; the entrance unprotected by a door, but with a blanket as a ſubſtitute, was expoſed to the pitileſs blaſt of the winter's ſtorm. Reviewing this deſpicable hovel I recalled to my mind a very juſt obſervation of Goldſmith's, "that one half of the world "are ignorant how the other half lives."

"Ah! little think the gay licentious proud
"Whom pleaſure, power, and affluence ſurround;
"They, who their thoughtleſs hours in giddy mirth,
"And wanton, often cruel, riot waſte;
"Ah! little think they, while they dance along,

———"how many drink the cup
"Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
"Of miſery. Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
"How many ſhrink into the ſordid hut
"Of cheerleſs poverty."

THOMSON.

With ſome difficulty we prevailed on the female part of

of the family to give us proper directions to the ſource of the meandering Wye,* and rapid Severn. The latter they only underſtood by the name of *Halfren*, its original Britiſh name; it is likewiſe called in Latin *Sabrina*. From the top of Plinlimmon we for the firſt time diſcovered the ſhaggy ſummit of Cader Idris, and the ſpiral head of Snowdon. There is nothing particularly engaging in the character of this mountain, except in its giving riſe to no leſs than ſix or eight rivers, and on this account has frequently been celebrated by the Poet. Though its ſummit commands a circle of many miles diameter, yet the proſpect by no means anſwered our expectations. We deſcended into a ſwampy bottom, which afforded us unpleaſant walking for two or three miles, when a moſt delightful and well-cultivated valley unexpectedly enlivened our ſpirits. The ſun was making

——————" a golden ſet,
" And by the bright track of his fiery car
" Gave ſignal of a goodly day to-morrow,"

juſt as we entered this intereſting vale: the hay-makers, in the coolneſs of the evening, were returning to their homes,

" Each by the laſs he loved."

* Called in Latin *Vaga*.

In

In ſhort, the whole valley breathed delicious fragrance: add to this, innumerable cataracts ruſhed from the mountain's ſummits, occaſioned by the late copious rains.

From hence a good turnpike-road ſoon conducted us to the romantic town of

MACHYNLLETH,

conſidered as the centre of the woollen manufactory in this part of the country, principally of the *ſtrong cloth*, or *high country cloth*.* The ſituation of Machynlleth, (or as it is pronounced by the Welch, *Mahunthleth*) is extremely romantic; ſtupendous mountains forming a natural rampart round the town. We here viſited the neglected manſion where Owen Glendwr aſſembled the ſtates of the Principality, in 1402, and accepted from their hands the crown of Wales. Part of the houſe is now allotted for the purpoſe of a ſtable; the remainder is turned into a butcher's ſhop:—

"*Sic tranſit gloria mundi.*"

In fine, the only evident remains of its ever having

* See an excellent account of the woollen manufactory in the ſeventh chapter of *Aikin's Tour through North Wales*.

been celebrated in the annals of hiſtory, is a ſpacious door-way. The town itſelf, in many parts, bears the appearance of antiquity; the ſtreets are conſiderably wider than Welch towns in general, and the market-place is well built.

As we entered Machynlleth, being the firſt town in North Wales, we were in a manner inſtinctively induced to reflect on the various incidents that had befallen us from our firſt ſallying forth on our pedeſtrian excurſion. We took a retroſpect of all our little troubles with equally as much delight, as the ſailor, who, by the bleſſing of Providence, has eſcaped the moſt imminent dangers: all our paſt imaginary dangers (for imaginary evils are frequently worſe than real ones) were over balanced with reflections on the many hours of pleaſure that were flown unheeded by: theſe reflections brought to my recollection ſome intereſting lines in Bowles's *Sonnets*, which I involuntarily exclaimed aloud:

" Fair ſcenes ye lend a pleaſure long unknown
" To him who paſſes weary on his way;
" The farewell tear, which now he turns to pay
" Shall thank you: and whene'er of pleaſures flown,
" His heart ſome long-loſt image would renew,
" Delightful haunts! he will remember you."

The

The ſublimity of the walk from hence to *Talylyn*, literally "beggars deſcription." Having croſſed a bridge of eight arches, thrown over the river Dovey, high mountains cloſed us on every ſide, ſhook into every poſſible form of horror; huge maſſes of rock hung over the road, and it ſeemed neceſſary to remember their firm baſis, to ſoften the terror they inſpired; whilſt other misſhapen fragments lie ſcattered at the ſide of the road. The tranſparent Dyſlas, whoſe clear ſurface reflected the tremulous picture in all its colours, forms one continued cataract for five or ſix miles, overflowing with the innumerable tributary torrents, which hurry themſelves down from the higheſt ſummit of the ſurrounding rocks; whilſt to give effect to the whole proſpect, the ſhaggy head of Cader Idris towers the majeſtic ſentinel of the ſcene, whoſe "cloud "cap'd" ſummit the eye aches in ſurveying. To our great diſappointment, the weather prevented our aſcending this celebrated mountain giant. Cader Idris is eſteemed, in height, the ſecond mountain in all Wales, riſing two thouſand eight hundred and fifty feet above the green of Dolgelly.*

If the weather proves favourable to aſcend Cader

* See Pennant's *Snowdonia*, p. 89, and likewiſe Wilſon's excellent *View of Cader Idris*.

Idris, travellers may be very comfortably accommodated with beds at

TALYLYN;

a ſmall village, ſituated, at the foot of the mountain; and where they will likewiſe meet with a conductor, in every reſpect ſuited for this Alpine excurſion. Mr. Jones, the landlord of the Blue Lion, uſed all his influence to perſuade us, by largely expatiating on the comforts of his accommodations, to detain us till the weather wore a more favourable aſpect, but knowing the uncertainty of his conjectures, we determined to make Barmouth our head quarters. Quitting therefore our officiouſly polite landlord, we ſoon arrived at the Pool of Three Grains, which, though of inferior ſize, yet is generally credited to be unfathomable; it abounds in fiſh, and derives its name from three immenſe ſtones, or rather fragments of rock near it, which the common people confidently aſſert, and believe, the giant Idris took out of his ſhoes as he paſſed this pool.

Having aſcended ſeveral hills, a quick deſcent of three or four miles, ſoon brought us to

DOL-

DOLGELLY;

ſurrounded with "a tempeſtuous ſea of mountains," and watered by the rapid current of the river Avon-vawr, over which is thrown a large and handſome ſtone bridge, at the entrance of the town.

In the neighbourhood of this romantic ſpot, and indeed in many parts of Merionethſhire, the manufacture of ſtrong cloth has long been carried on.*

We were reluctantly neceſſitated to leave this intereſting town of Dolgelly, much ſooner than we wiſhed, had we obeyed our own inclinations. No one can picture to themſelves a more delightful ſituation than that of Dolgelly:—an encloſed vale, encircled with the craggy and ſubject mountains of Cader Idris, forming an amphitheatre,—watered by the Alpine tor-

* Mr. Pennant in his *Snowdonia*, p. 397, publiſhed in 1781, "mentions, that there are brought annually to Salop ſeven hundred thouſand "yards of web; and to Welch Pool, annually, between ſeven and eight "hundred thouſand yards of flannel; but he does not ſtate the particulars "whence he reduces his general eſtimate." I have quoted this paſſage from Aikin's excellent chapter (vii.) on the *Woollen Manufacture of North Wales*, not having in my poſſeſſion Mr. P.'s *Snowdonia*.

rent of the Maw,—and richly clothed with wood. But neceſſity has no law; the beſt inn was pre-occupied, and no comfortable accommodations could be found; and, though drenched with rain, we were compelled to quicken our pace to the well-known bathing place of

BARMOUTH.

It is adviſeable for all travellers, pedeſtrians not excepted, to leave Dolgelly at high water, as without that, the ſcenery loſes much of its beauty; if convenient, it is certainly preferable to hire a boat, at the Stoves; the charge is three ſhillings and ſixpence; by this you will ſave a walk of eight miles, and both from your ſituation, and from being more at your eaſe, will better admit of your obſerving the ſurrounding ſcenery, with which you cannot fail to be highly gratified.

This ſhort excurſion of eight miles, is truly grand, awful, and ſublime; and though many parts of this ſtriking valley are richly cultivated, yet, by the ſide of the road, enormous mountains, formed into the moſt capricious ſhapes, ſhoot into the clouds, ſometimes projecting ſo far over the road, as ſeemingly deſigning to impede our farther progreſs: the wide expanſe of the ocean, in front, with the arm of the ſea running up the country

country in the centre of the valley; in fine, the *tout enſemble* claimed our higheſt admiration.

Barmouth though conſidered as a bathing-place, is very inferior to Tenby, yet its ſituation for grandeur of rocks, has been frequently compared, by many touriſts, to Gibraltar; and by others, eſteemed not unlike St. Kitts, in the Weſt Indies. The vaſt ſand banks, formed by the tides immediately in front of the town, are the only barriers which protect it from the inundations of the ſea. The ſhore is extremely level, and affords, for many miles, excellent riding. In reſpect to the bathing, little can be ſaid to recommend it; the machines are not drawn into the water, and by this palpable inconvenience, you are under the diſagreeable neceſſity of walking a conſiderable way in, before the water is ſufficiently deep for "plunging "headlong in the briny flood." During our ſtay here, two gentlemen perceiving that the water was very much alloyed by a freſh water ſtream diſembogueing itſelf into the ſea, at Barmouth, perſuaded Mrs. Lewis, the obliging landlady of the Cors-y-gedol Arms, to remove the machines farther from the town; and from them we were informed, that though the ſalt water was purer, yet they found it impoſſible to draw them ſufficiently deep for good bathing: the machines being ſtationary on the ſands, the ladies likewiſe find it re-

markably inconvenient, being equally compelled to walk in. The folly of this method ſeems to be more ſtriking, as the objection might be ſo eaſily obviated. The lower claſs here, as in many other parts of Wales, indiſcriminately dreſs and undreſs on the ſands, and pay very little diſtinction to their ſex.

The board and lodging is regulated on the ſame excellent plan here as at Tenby, with very little difference in reſpect to the expence. The town itſelf is very dirty, and ſo irregularly built, on the declivity of a rock, that the windows of one houſe not uncommonly look down on the neighbouring chimney. We could not avoid obſerving the number of pigs, which are eſteemed in this part of the country far ſuperior to any in England, lying in every corner of the ſtreet; and theſe pigs, I rather imagine, conſider themſelves, during the night, inmates of the peaſant's cottage: yet theſe hardſhips, if they may be diſtinguiſhed by that name, the inhabitants of the hovel ſuffer without complaint, and deem themſelves perfectly happy as long as they poſſeſs a pile of turf to keep off the inclemency of the winter's blaſt, a ſmall ſtrip of ground, well ſtocked with potatoes, ſome poultry, and a fat pig; one hovel, however, protects them all. Though to appearance, their ſituation is moſt miſerable, yet it has no effect on their tempers and diſpoſitions; their hoſpitality, and indeed

indeed kindneſs, towards ſtrangers in diſtreſs, is an intereſting trait in their character: to inſtance this, I am induced to mention an anecdote, which took place at Hubberſtone, not long ago. A lady anxiouſly waiting the arrival of her huſband, from Ireland, at the miſerable village of Hubberſtone, ſoon intereſted even the meaner inhabitants of the place in her behalf; who, willing to render her ſituation as comfortable as poſſible, ſeemed to vie with each other in producing the moſt delicious fruits, and the choiceſt garlands of flowers, to preſent them to the unhappy conſort; and, not content alone with this, ſhe was generally greeted in the ſtreets, with the phraſe, "There goes poor "Mrs. L——." The lady, at laſt, impatient for the arrival of her huſband, determined to ſail for Ireland. The faithfulneſs of the little group that accompanied her to the ſhore, can better be imagined than deſcribed; the laſt farewell, with tears of artleſs innocence, and the beſeeching that Providence "who governs the "waves, and ſtills the raging of the ſea," to grant her a proſperous voyage; all this ſeemed to come ſo thoroughly from the bottom of their hearts, that we cannot avoid feeling ourſelves intereſted in their behalf.

The road from hence to

HAR-

HARLECH,

is ſtony and unintereſting; to the left an unbounded view of the wide ocean, and in front, the ſteep mountains of North Wales, roſe in endleſs perſpective. About four miles from Barmouth, we paſſed the two lodges at Tal-y-bont, leading to Cors-y-gedol, the ſeat of Sir Thomas Moſtyn. It is practicable to go by the ſands, but we were given to underſtand, by Mrs. Lewis, that the turnpike was, if any thing, ſhorter, the ſcenery more pleaſing, and the guides neceſſary for croſſing thoſe dangerous ſands, in general, moſt complete villains.

Harlech, though formed by Edward I. into a borough, can now be eſteemed little more than a dirty village: the preſent caſtle, one of the moſt entire in Wales, is founded on a very high rock, projecting in the Iriſh Sea, and defended by a deep foſs on the eaſt ſide; below it is a marſh of conſiderable extent, occaſionally overflowed by the ſea; from the top of the walls to this marſh the height is very conſiderable, and from thence the bay of Cardigan is ſeen to great advantage; in addition to this, the ſhagged ſummits of Cader

Cader Buchan and Snowdon, in Caernarvonſhire, being enveloped in clouds, appear ſcarcely viſible.

At the public-houſe, we accidentally met with a well-informed man, who minutely delineated every part of the caſtle; and, beginning with the founder, in the true characteriſtic ſtyle of a Welchman, ran through his pedigree ſeveral generations: this, however, did not intereſt us, curſory pedeſtrians; and with little perſuaſion we ſoon induced him to write down, in as conciſe a manner as poſſible, any information he was acquainted with reſpecting the caſtle: "The founder "of Harlech Caſtle, A. D. 552, was Maclegwynn; "Gwynead made Caer Dugoll (Shrewſbury;) Caer "Gyffin (Aber Conway;) Caer Gollwyn (Harleck;) "ſuppoſed to be buried in Cireſter, and reigned thirty-"four years." Whether this information is correct, I will not take upon me to aſſert; but meeting with a Welchman, in this part of the country, capable of writing, rather ſurpriſed us, and induced me to tranſcribe this ſhort paragraph.

The double gate-way, with four ſtrong towers, is ſtill very perfect; and the whole in ſufficient repair to form a conjecture of its ancient extent and grandeur. It was originally ſuppoſed to have been a Roman town, a conjecture founded on the great number of coins, and other

other pieces of antiquity, which have been found here, and in the neighbourhood.

In 1408 it was taken by the Earl of Pembroke; and afforded likewiſe ſhelter to Margaret of Anjou, after the battle of Northampton, 1460, and was the laſt in North-Wales, which held out for the king, being ſurrendered to general Mytton, 1647.

In a garden near this caſtle was dug up, in the year 1692, an ancient golden torques, of a round form, an inch in circumference, and weighing eight ounces. This curious relick of Britiſh antiquity, exhibited in a drawing by Mr. Pennant, ſtill continues in the poſſeſſion of the Moſtyn family. As we had not an opportunity of examining the original, this account can only be gathered from the information of former authors, who repreſent it, as "a wreathed bar, or ra-"ther three or four rods twiſted together, about four "feet long, flexible, but bending naturally only one "way, in form of a hat-band: it originally had holes "at each end, not twiſted or ſharp, but plain, and cut "even."

In 1694, the prodigious phenomenon of fire, or kindled exhalation, which diſturbed the inhabitants of this neighbourhood, is both ſingular and extraordinary:

ſixteen

ſixteen ricks of hay, and two barns, were burnt by a kindled exhalation, or blue weak flame, proceeding from the ſea: this laſted about a fortnight or three weeks, poiſoning the graſs, and firing it for the ſpace of a mile. It is extraordinary, that it had no effect on the men, who interpoſed their endeavours to ſave the ricks from deſtruction, even by running into it. For a more accurate account of this ſingular phenomenon, I refer my readers to the *Philoſophical Tranſactions*, No. 208, and likewiſe to the Addenda, in Camden: ſuffice it to ſay, that the air and graſs was ſo infected, that it occaſioned a great mortality of cattle, horſes, ſheep, and goats. The various conjectures that have been formed, to account for this kindled exhalation, ſeem to be very unſatisfactory; ſomething ſimilar to this, both in the appearance and in the effect, happened in France in the year 1734.

As, from the unfavourableneſs of the weather, we had not contemplated the rich ſcenery between Barmouth and Dolgelly, with that nice inveſtigation which it deſerved, we determined, by again returning to our obliging landlady at the Cors-y-gedol Arms, to ſeize the opportunity of again admiring its beauties; and, by taking a more circuitous route to the Vale of Feſtiniog, pay that attention to the Falls of Doll-y-mullin,

mullin, Moddach, and Caen, which they ſo deſervedly require.

This ſecond ſaunter we found by no means tedious: the ſcene ſeemed perpetually changing at every unexpected curvature of the road; and the rude features of the mountains appeared to aſſume new forms, as the winding preſented them to the eye in different attitudes, whilſt the ſhifting vapours, which partially concealed their minuter grandeur, aſſiſted the illuſions of the ſight. Amidſt new woods, riſing in the majeſty of foliage, the ſcattered cottage, with its bluiſh ſmoke curling high in the air, was frequently rendered intereſting by its neat ſimplicity: and ſerved to conſtitute the romantic beauties of this picturesque ſaunter.

This pleaſing ſcenery varied little till we arrived within two miles of Dolgelly, when ſeveral gentlemens' ſeats burſt upon our ſight; and leaving that enchanting ſpot to the left, at the Laneltyd turnpike, a different object preſented itſelf to our view. For four miles we walked by the ſide of a hill, the moſt tranſlucent ſtream attending us the whole way; for though the road was ſituated ſo much above it, yet the ſandy bottom, with the finny tribe, in conſiderable numbers, ſporting in this tranſparent element, were eaſily deſcried. On each ſide, the mountains roſe to a conſiderable height, with the

the craggy ſummit of Cader Idris claiming the pre-eminence. We ſoon arrived at the ſmall ale-houſe (Traveller's Reſt) where we met the labourer of Mr. Madox, whom we were recommended to enquire for, as a proper ciceroni to the water-falls in his vicinity. Having finiſhed our ſcanty but wholeſome repaſt, we repaired with an old woman, (the labourer being confined to the houſe by indiſpoſition) to the fall of Doll-y-mullin. There appeared to be ſomething ſingular in the appearance of this "mountain elf;" deſtitute of ſhoes and ſtockings, in the true Cambrian ſtile, ſhe tripped it, occaſionally ſinging, and ſometimes diſcontented with the world, herſelf, and every thing, uttering a moſt diſmal groan. This excited our curioſity; but to learn much of her ſituation we ſoon found impracticable; her knowledge of the Engliſh language was very trivial; and as ſhe ſeemed not much inclined to give us any information reſpecting the adjacent country, we found it uſeleſs to make enquiries concerning her condition in life.

Our ſurly Conductreſs firſt led us through Mr. Madox's grounds; to the left of the Tan-y-bwlch road, by a moſt delightful walk cut through the wood, we now ſoon reached the falls of Doll-y-mullin, the roaring of which had a long time announced its vicinity. This cataract, though conſidered only as a prelude to the grand

grand falls of the Cayne and Moddach, is ſtill worthy the attention of the paſſing traveller; for though the river precipitates itſelf not more than fifty feet, yet the projection and ſituation of the rocks, and the thick oak, careleſsly throwing its broad brown arms acroſs the troubled waters, is ſingularly pleaſing. We had hitherto only contemplated this ſcene from the foot of the fall; but how noble the effect, when we began to wind up the ſteep aſcent, and pauſed at every baſon, which the water had formed in the excavated rock.

By a retrograde ſaunter we ſoon gained the Tan-y-bwlch road, and paſſing over the romantic bridge of Pont ar Garfa, beautifully entwined with the rich drapery of ivy, we aſcended a ſteep path over the ſlaty mountain of Tylyn Gwladys, two miles in extent.—Sublimity, indeed, gave place to elegance; behind us, the huge ſteeps of Cader Idris, lifting high above the rolling clouds its ſhaggy head, of which at intervals, we caught a glance through the thick miſt which enveloped it; in front Snowdon, conſcious of pre-eminence, roſe in the diſtant perſpective; theſe were the boundaries of our view. On the oppoſite ſide a barren mountain, dignified by the name of Prince of Wales, appeared ſcarcely acceſſible, but to the ſteps of the enthuſiaſt; this formerly afforded a vaſt quantity of ore, but it has lately ſo much failed, as not to produce even a ſufficiency

ciency to remunerate the miners. While traverſing theſe barren mountains, it is not leſs ſingular than intereſting, occaſionally to meet the moſt delicious vallies, watered by ſome foaming river; theſe literally ſurcharged

"With weighted rains, and melted Alpine ſnows."

Such is the true characteriſtic of the Welch ſcenery: the fineſt verdure, and the moſt enchanting vallies are diſcovered in the boſom of ſterility, where natural caſcades, precipitating themſelves from their rude pinnacles, alone diſturb the ſilence which reigns in that aſylum, only to render it more enchanting to the inquiſitive pedeſtrians, for theſe landſcapes are only acceſſible to their ſteps: the diſtant ſwell of the cataract had now long proclaimed our proximity to the object in purſuit. The falls of the Cayne and the Moddach are at no great diſtance from one another, being only ſeparated by a thick wood. Croſſing a ſmall bridge, above fifty feet from the water, formed only by the trunk of an oak, which has accidentally fallen acroſs the rapid torrent; our Conductreſs very judiciouſly ſelected the latter as the firſt object for our admiration. The computed meaſurement of this fall is eſtimated between ſeventy and eighty feet, dividing itſelf into three diſtinct parts, each finely broken by the projected rocks: the quantity of water is very inconſiderable; but the whole is admi-

rably preſented to the eye in one view. The firſt fall, about twenty feet, precipitates itſelf into a deep pool, thirty feet diameter; from thence over a ſecond ledge, thirty feet high; and, laſtly, it diſcharges itſelf into a pool of conſiderable dimenſions. The declivities of the rocks are luxuriantly clothed with wood; the oak more particularly ſpreading its gigantic arms acroſs the foaming torrent: a variety of trees, indeed, profuſely embelliſh the whole of this glen, which are finely contraſted with the dark brown rocks; conſtituting ſo finiſhed a picture, and repreſenting ſuch a variety of colours, that their beauties the imagination can better conceive, than the pen deſcribe.

We now returned to the fall of the Cayne, infinitely ſuperior to any in Wales, being two hundred feet perpendicular, uninterrupted by rocks, and not intercepted by the thick wood which encircles it. For a conſiderable time we both of us gazed with that wrapt admiration, which loathes to be diſturbed by the mutual exchange of our ideas; and ſtunned with the continual uproar, and never-ceaſing tumultuous motion of the ſparkling foam, we ſilently admired the grandeur of the landſcape. On each ſide the horrific crags ſeemed to bid defiance to the goat's activity. The Cayne, after this ſtunning cataract, throws its troubled waters over

over a rocky bed, till it unites itſelf with the Moddach below.

With reluctance we left this romantic ſituation; and, according to the directions of our Conductreſs, ſoon found ourſelves in the turnpike-road to Tan-y-bwlch, underſtanding that Mr. Warner's route to Penſtreet afforded indifferent walking. Stupendous mountains attended us ſome way; and, to borrow a deſcription from a celebrated author, they "looked like the "rude materials of creation, forming the barrier of "unwrought ſpace." The ſun was now making a "golden ſet;" the mountains were thrown together in noble maſſes, appearing to ſcale the heavens, to intercept its rays, and emulous to receive the parting tinge of lingering day. We were watching with admiration the mild ſplendor of its light, fading from the diſtant landſcape, when we perceived the rich vale of Feſtiniog ſuddenly open itſelf to our view: we obſerved the buſy group of haymakers, who had completed their day's labour, returning to their homes:

"While heard from dale to dale,
"Waking the breeze, reſounds the blended voice
"Of happy labour, love, and ſocial glee."

Pleaſed with this ruſtic ſcene, we caught the cheerful ſong, which was wafted on the gentle breeze. With

pleaſure we anticipated a ſaunter through this vale, early the enſuing morning; for one tint of ſober grey had now covered its various coloured features, and the ſun had now gleamed its laſt light upon the rivulet which winds through the bottom.

TAN-Y-BWLCH.

The "rich-hair'd youth of morn" had not long left its ſaffron bed, and the very air was balmy as it freſhened into morn, when we hurried from our inn to enjoy the luxuries of the vale of Feſtiniog, ſo well celebrated by the pen of Lord Littleton: "With the "woman one loves, with the friend of one's heart, "(ſays his lordſhip) and a good ſtudy of books, one "may paſs an age there, and think it a day. If one "has a mind to live long, and renew his youth, let "him come and ſettle at Feſtiniog." Theſe are the ſentiments of Lord Littleton, in which ſeemed to be verified the ſituation of Mr. Oakley, who has ſelected this ſpot for his reſidence. Tan-y-bwlch Hall, (for by that name is Mr. Oakley's ſeat dignified) is environed by a thick wood, which climbs the ſteep mountains behind his manſion. We followed the meandering and tranſlucent waters of the river Dryryd, till we arrived at the village of Maentwrog, ſituated about

about the middle of this Paradiſe. Paſſing through the village, we obſerved a ſmall but neat cottage, which was rendered intereſting to the way-farer by its neat ſimplicity. Perceiving a ſtand of fruit at the door, we were enticed to enter the cottage, where we found the interior of the houſe as comfortable, as the ſituation was intereſting. A large old-faſhioned chimney corner, with benches to receive a ſocial party, formed a moſt enviable retreat from the rude ſtorms of winter, and defied alike the weather and the world:—with what pleaſure did I picture,

"A ſmiling circle, emulous to pleaſe,"

gathering round a blazing pile of wood on the hearth, free from all the viciſſitudes and cares of the world, happy in their own home, bleſſed in the ſweet affections of kindred amity, regardleſs of the winter blaſt that ſtruggled againſt the window, and the ſnow that pelted againſt the roof. On our entering, the wife who poſſeſſed "the home of happineſs, an honeſt "breaſt," invited us "to take a ſeat" under the window, which, overlooking the village, and the dark tower of the church, offered the delights of other ſeaſons. The ſweets of a little garden, joined its fragrance to the honeyſuckle, which enwreathed with rich drapery the windows; and here too lay the old family *Bible*, which had been put aſide on our firſt

entrance: we regretted not having an opportunity of ſeeing the huſband, whom, I make no doubt

" Envied not, and never thought of kings,
" Nor from thoſe appetites ſuſtain'd annoy,
" That chance may fruſtrate, or indulgence cloy;
" Each ſeaſon look'd delightful as it paſt,
" To the fond huſband, and the faithful wife."

Our intended route for this day being very ſhort, we did not leave Tan-y-bwlch till after breakfaſt, and even then lingered through the valley, to take one laſt adieu of this paradiſiacal ſpot; the Dryryd ſerpentizing through the meadows, and the lively green of the ſwelling declivities on each ſide, beautifully contraſted with the ripening corn. From the vaſt quantity of ore we diſcovered, I am inclined to believe, that any ſpirited ſpeculator would find it amply repay him for the expences and labour attending his ſpeculations. The vale of Feſtiniog, not exceeding three miles long, and one in breadth, is a very rich tract of land.

An extremely rough, rocky, and unpleaſant road, with nothing to engage our attention; and the country uncultivated, and diveſted of every thing that gives even the ſhadow of civilization, brought us to the far-famed Pont Aber-glaſlyn, or, *The Bridge of the Harbour of the Blue Lake*; and not uncommonly ſtiled, the *Devil's*

vil's Bridge. This laſt appellation has very frequently miſled ſtrangers, who, confounding it with the well-known bridge at Havod, have been much diſappointed, their expectations being raiſed very high, from the general deſcriptions of that place. Of this, indeed, we found an inſtance on the very ſpot. This bridge connects the two counties of Merionethſhire and Caernarvonſhire; being, from the parapet to the water, forty feet. From the deſcription of former touriſts, it did not anſwer our expectations; but the ſalmon-leap is an intereſting object from the bridge: the height is about fifteen feet; and though we obſerved very many attempt this ſurpriſing feat of agility, not one ſucceeded. Some fiſhermen below ſoon excited our curioſity, and ſalmon was here offered for ſale at three-pence per pound.

An intelligent man here offered himſelf as our guide to the rich copper-mines, in the vicinity of Pont Aber-Glaſlyn. This miner, having worked both here and at the Paris mountain, confidently aſſerted, that one pound of this ore was now eſteemed equivalent to twice the quantity, produced in Angleſea. Stupendous cliffs, by the road ſide, literally riſe eight hundred and ſixty feet perpendicularly, and hang in the moſt capricious forms over the torrent, which, ſtraggling amongſt the receſſes of ſtone, is haſtening forward to diſembogue itſelf into the eſtuary of Traeth Mawr.

The paſs is not more than ſeventy feet; after much rain it is entirely inundated by the overflowings of the Glaſlyn, which reflected, as in a mirror, the blackneſs of the impending cliffs. On the Caernarvonſhire ſide are ſeveral lead mines; but they have not proved ſufficiently rich, to reward the labour of working.

The ſituation of our inn at

BEDDGELERT,

is very romantic, and would form an intereſting drawing, by taking in a ſmall bridge of two arches below the houſe. It is completely encircled by lofty mountains, which may be conſidered as ſubject to the "cloud-"capt Snowdon."

How often has the idea of this ſtupendous mountain filled my heart with enthuſiaſtic rapture! Every time I caſt my eyes on that ſolemn, that majeſtic viſion, it is not without the moſt powerful emotion; it excites that tender melancholy, which exalts rather than depreſſes the mind! How delightful to bid adieu to all the cares and occupations of the world, for the reflection of thoſe ſcenes of ſublimity and grandeur, which forms ſuch contraſt to the tranſientneſs of ſublunary greatneſs!

With

With what anxiety have we watched the ſetting ſun, loitering juſt below the horizon, and illuminating the higheſt ſummit of Snowdon with a golden tinge, and we ſtill watch the paſſing clouds of night, fearing leſt the morning ſhould prove unfavourable for our Alpine excurſion.

SNOWDON.

We engaged the miner, as our Conductor over the mountain, who entertained us much with diſplaying, in ſtrong colours, the tricks and impoſitions of his brother guides, and more particularly of the methodiſtical landlord of our inn, who is generally employed on theſe occaſions. His pride too is not a little elevated, by having conducted *The Great Doctor* to its higheſt ſummit; this ſeemingly ridiculous phraſe for ſome time puzzled us; but we have ſince found out, that our guide was talking of no leſs a man, than the preſent reſpectable and learned dean of Chriſtchurch, who aſcended this mountain laſt year. Though our Guide* was pompous, and rather too partial to the marvellous, yet I ſtrenuouſly recommend him to all touriſts.

* Evan Thomas, works in the copper-works at Aber-Glaſlin, and lives at a place called Dous Coreb, about a mile and an half beyond Beddgelert.

At

At half paſt twelve, we ſtarted from our inn, determined to ſee the ſun riſe from its higheſt ſummit. The night was now very dark, and we could juſt diſcover, that the top of Snowdon was entirely enveloped in a thick, impenetrable miſt: this unpropitious omen ſtaggered our reſolutions; and we for ſome time heſitated reſpecting our farther progreſs; but our Guide aſſuring us, that his *comfortable* cottage was not far diſtant, we again plucked up reſolution; and, quitting the high way about two miles on the Caernarvon road, we turned to the right, through a boggy unpleaſant land, and in danger of loſing our ſhoes every ſtep we took. This ſoon brought us to the *comfortable cot*, the filth and dirtineſs of which can better be imagined than deſcribed; a worm-eaten bed, two ſmall ſtools, and a table fixed to the wall, compoſed the whole of his furniture,—two fighting cocks were perched on a beam, which Thomas ſeemed to pride himſelf in the poſſeſſion of; the ſmoke of the fire aſcended through a ſmall hole in the roof of this *comfortable manſion*, the door of which did not appear proof againſt the "churliſh chiding of the winter "blaſt."

Such, indeed, was the ſituation of this Cambrian mountaineer; and though, in our own opinion, miſery, poverty, and dirt perſonified, ſeemed to be the real inhabitants of this cottage, yet there was ſomething pre-

poſſeſſing

poſſeſſing in his character; for frequently, with the greateſt vehemence imaginable, and in the true ſtile of an anchorite, he declared, that "though he boaſted "not riches, yet he boaſted of independence; and "though he poſſeſſed not wealth, yet he poſſeſſed the "home of happineſs, an honeſt breaſt."

The morning appearing to wear a more favourable aſpect, we again ſallied forth; the bogs, however, ſtill rendered it extremely unpleaſant. But this inconvenience was only temporary: we ſoon came to a part of the mountain, entirely compoſed of looſe ſtones, and fragments of rock, which, by affording a very treacherous footing, you are liable to perpetual falls. The mountain now became much ſteeper, the path leſs rocky, and our mountaineer, the higher we proceeded, more induced to exhibit feats of his agility, by occaſionally running down a ſhort precipice, and then, by a loud ſhout or vociferation, ſhewing us the obedience of the ſheep, who inſtantaneouſly flocked round him, at the ſound of his voice: it is ſingular, the caution implanted in this animal, by inſtinct, for the mutual protection of each other; from the liberty they enjoy, they ſeldom congregate in one flock, but are generally diſcovered grazing in parties from ſix to a dozen, one of which is regularly appointed centinel, to watch the motions of their inveterate enemies (foxes and birds of prey), which infeſt

infeſt this mountain. A wider expanſe of the hemiſphere diſcloſed itſelf, and every object below us gradually diminiſhed, as we aſcended. The freſhneſs of the mountain *whetted* our appetites; and our Conductor, with very little perſuaſion, ſoon influenced us to open our little baſket of proviſions. The ſun, the "rich-hair'd youth of morn," was juſt peeping from its bed; and having refreſhed ourſelves, with eager impatience we again climbed the rugged precipice, for we had ſtill a conſiderable height to aſcend. We now deſcended ſeveral ſteep declivities, by a narrow path, not more than three yards wide, with a dreadful perpendicular on each ſide, the ſight of which almoſt turned us giddy. As we were paſſing this hazardous path, a thick miſt enveloped us, and an impenetrable abyſs appeared on both ſides; the effect, indeed, can ſcarcely be conceived; our footing to us, puiſne mountaineers, ſeemed very inſecure; and a total deſtruction would have been the conſequence of one falſe ſtep. The air grew intenſely cold, and by our Guide's recommendation, we a ſecond time produced our piſtol of rum, diluted with milk; but this cordial muſt be uſed with caution, as a very ſmall quantity of ſtrong liquor effects the head, owing to the rarification of the air. On our reaching the ſummit, all our difficulties were forgotten, and our imaginary complaints overborne with exclamations of wonder, ſurpriſe, and admiration. The light

thin

thin misty cloud, which had for some time enveloped us, as if by enchantment, suddenly dispersed; the whole ocean appeared illuminated by a fiery substance, and all the subject hills below us, for they resembled *mole-hills*, were gradually tinged by the rich glow of the sun; whose orb, becoming at length distinctly visible, displayed the whole island of Anglesea so distinctly, that we descried, as in map, its flat and uncultivated plains, bounded by the rich and inexhaustible Paris Mountains, in the vicinity of Holyhead. The point on which we were standing, did not exceed a square of five yards, and we sickened almost at the sight of the steep precipices which environed us; round it is a small parapet, formed by the customary tribute of all strangers, who visit this summit, and to which we likewise contributed, by placing a large stone on its top: this parapet, indeed, sheltered us from the chilly cold, and protected us from the piercing wind, which this height must naturally be exposed to.

We remained in this situation for a considerable time, and endeavoured, without success, to enumerate the several lakes, forest, woods, and counties, which were exposed to us in one view; but, lost and confounded with the innumerable objects worthy of admiration, and regardless of the chilling cold, we took a distinct survey of the Isle of Man, together with a faint prospect of the

the Highlands in Ireland, which appeared juſt viſibly ſkirting the diſtant horizon; but another object ſoon engroſſed all our attention:

"The wide, the unbounded proſpects lay before us;
"But ſhadows, clouds, and darkneſs reſt upon it:"

For we unexpectedly obſerved long billows of vapour toſſing about, half way down the mountain, totally excluding the country below, and occaſionally diſperſing, and partially revealing, its features, while above, the azure expanſe of the heavens remained unobſcured by the thinneſt miſt. This, however, was of no long continuance: a thick cloud preſently wet us through; and the point on which we were ſtanding could alone be diſtinguiſhed. As there appeared little or no chance of the clouds diſperſing, we ſoon commenced our deſcent.—Reſpecting this Alpine excurſion, ſuffice it to ſay, that though our expectations were raiſed exceedingly high, it infinately ſurpaſſed all conception, and baffled all deſcription; for no colour of language can paint the grandeur of the riſing ſun, obſerved from this eminence, or deſcribe the lakes, woods, and foreſts, which are extended before you; for deſcription, though it enumerates their names, yet it cannot draw the elegance of outline, cannot give the effect of precipices, or delineate the minute features, which reward the actual obſerver, at every new choice of

of his poſition, and by changing their colour and form in his gradual aſcent, till at laſt every object dwindles into atoms: in ſhort, this intereſting excurſion, which comprehends every thing that is awful, grand, and ſublime, producing the moſt pleaſing ſenſations, has left traces in the memory, which the imagination will ever hold dear.

Various have been the conjectures on the definition of this mountain; ſome authors affirm that the Welch name of Snowdon ſignifies the *Eagle's Rocks*, deducing it from the number of thoſe birds that formerly haunted theſe rocks; but the moſt ſimple conjecture ſeems to be, that this name alludes to the frequency of the ſnow on the higheſt peaks. This mountainous tract was formerly celebrated for its fertility and woods; and Leland affirms, that all Crigereri was foreſt. It now yields no corn; and its produce conſiſts in cattle and black ſheep, with large flocks of goats. "Its height "(ſays Pennant) has been variouſly reported. Mr. Caſ- "well, who was employed by Mr. Adams, in a ſurvey "of Wales in 1682, meaſured it by inſtruments, made "by the direction of Mr. Flamſtead, and aſſerts it to "have been one thouſand two hundred and forty. Mr. "Lluyd ſays, its perpendicular height is about one "thouſand three hundred yards above the ſea level; but "later experiments have aſcertained it at one thouſand

"one

"one hundred and eighty-nine yards, reckoning from "the quay at Caernarvon, to the higheſt peak." The aſcent is computed three miles; the extremity, or ſummit, three quarters of a mile perpendicular. By the inhabitants of the country it is called Moel-y-Wydva, i. e. *The Conſpicuous Hill*; and ſometimes Krag Ey reri; and in the old Engliſh maps it is always ſpelt *Snawdon*. The lakes in this tract amount to a conſiderable number, and abound with trout, eels, gwyniadd, and ſome of them well-ſtored with char. The moſt noted peaks of this mountain are diſtinguiſhed by the names Moel-y-Wydva, y-Glyder, Karmedh Dhavidh, and Karmedh Llewelyn.—Theſe hills are, in a manner, heaped on one another, near the ſummit; and we only climbed one rock, to ſee three or four more; between each is a *cwm*, or valley, generally with a lake. We made particular enquiries concerning y-Glyder-Bach, and found that the deſcription of it is by no means exaggerated. Several columnar ſtones, of enormous ſize, formed into the moſt fantaſtical ſhapes, and lying in ſeveral directions, with many of their tops crowned with ſtones, placed horizontally on them. One we obſerved rocked with the ſlighteſt touch. In the fiſſures of the rock, *cubic pyritæ*, are not uncommonly found; the *ſaxifraga nivalis*, and the ſpecies called by Linnæus *æthereal*, in great abundance.

The

The firſt two miles of our deſcent, we by no means found difficult, but wiſhing to take a minute ſurvey of the pictureſque paſs of Llanberris, we changed the route generally preſcribed to ſtrangers, and deſcended a rugged and almoſt perpendicular path, in oppoſition to the propoſals of our Guide, who ſtrenuouſly endeavoured to diſſuade us from the attempt, alleging the difficulty of the ſteep, and relating a malancholy ſtory of a gentleman, who many years back had broken his leg. This had no effect. We determined to proceed; and the vale of Llanberris amply rewarded us for the trouble. It is bounded by the ſteep precipices of Snowdon, and two large lakes, communicating by a river. It was formerly a large foreſt, but the woods are now entirely cut down. We here diſmiſſed our Cambrian mountaineer, and eaſily found our way to Dolbadern (pronounced *Dolbathern)* Caſtle, ſituated between the two lakes, and now reduced to one circular tower, thirty feet in diameter, with the foundations of the exterior buildings completely in ruins; in this, Owen Gough, brother to Llewellin, laſt prince, was confined in priſon. From hence a rugged horſe-path brought us to the Caernarvon turnpike-road, about ſix miles diſtant; the high towers of the caſtle, the very crown and paragon of the landſcape, at laſt pointed out the ſituation of

CAERNARVON;

and having croſſed a handſome modern ſtone-bridge, thrown over the river Rhyddol, and built by "Harry "Parry, the modern Inigo, *anno Domini* 1791," we ſoon entered this ancient town, very much fatigued with our long excurſion. The hotel, newly built by Lord Uxbridge, for the convenience of ſtrangers, at the end of the town, commands a fine proſpect of the Strait of Menai. The view was bounded by the flat iſle of Angleſey; while the light veſſels, ſkimming before the wind, gave the whole a lively and pleaſing variety.

The city of Caernarvon, beautifully ſituated, and regularly built, is in the form of a ſquare, encloſed on three ſides, with thick ſtone walls; and on the ſouth ſide, defended by the caſtle;—the old town-hall is now falling to ruin.

With reſpect to the caſtle, we by no means agree with Mr. Warner, that "its high antiquity and an-"tient ſplendor is interrupted and deſtroyed by the "patch-work of modern ſeparation, and the littleneſs "of a cottager's domeſtic œconomy ſeen within its "walls;" as it is only repaired, where neceſſity required it, to prop up its crumbling ruins; neither could

could we discover any cottage within its walls. The towers are extremely elegant; but not being entwined with ivy, do not wear that picturesque appearance, which castles generally possess. Over the principal entrance, which leads into an oblong court, is seated, beneath a great tower, the statue of the founder, holding in his left hand a dagger: this gate-way was originally fortified with four portcullises. At the west end, the eagle tower, remarkably light and beautiful, in a polygon form; three small hexagon turrets rising from the middle, with eagles placed on their battlements; from thence it derives its name. In a little dark room* in this tower, measuring eleven feet by seven, was born Edward the second, April 25, 1204. The thickness of the wall is about ten feet. To the top of the tower we reckoned one hundred and fifty-eight steps, from whence an extensive view of the adjacent country is seen to great advantage. On the south are three octagonal towers with small turrets, with similar ones on the north. All these towers communicate with each other by a gallery, both on the ground, middle, and upper floor, formed within the immense thickness of the walls, in which are cut nar-

* Such is the received opinion; but the place noted for this event, is only a thoroughfare to the grand apartments of the tower, the middle one of which appears more probably to have been the room.

row ſlips, at convenient diſtances, for the diſcharge of arrows.

This building, founded on a rock, is the work of Edward I. the conqueror of the principality; the form of it is a long irregular ſquare, encloſing an area of about two acres and a half. From the information of the Sebright manuſcript, Mr. Pennant ſays, that by the united efforts of the peaſants, it was erected within the ſpace of one year.

Having ſpent near three hours in ſurveying one of the nobleſt caſtles in Wales, we walked round the environs of the town: the terrace round the caſtle walls is exceedingly pleaſing, being in front of the Menai, which is here upwards of a mile in breadth, forming a ſafe harbour for craft of five or ſix tons, and generally crowded with veſſels, exhibiting a picture of national induſtry; whilſt near it a commodious quay preſents an ever-buſtling ſcene, from whence a conſiderable quantity of ſlate, and likewiſe copper from the Llanberris mine, is ſhipped for different parts of the kingdom.

Caernarvon may certainly be conſidered as one of the handſomeſt and largeſt towns in North-Wales; and under the patronage of Lord Uxbridge promiſes to become ſtill more populous and extenſive: his lordſhip, we

we were given to underſtand by our landlord, intends to erect ſea-baths; and by this well-planned improvement, induce company to reſort here during the ſummer months.

Several excurſions may be made from Carnarvon, with great ſatisfaction to the Touriſt; the principal of which is a viſit to

PLAS-NEWYDD,

the elegant ſeat of Lord Uxbridge, ſituated in the iſle of Angleſey, and diſtant about ſix miles from Caernarvon: if the wind and tide prove favorable, the picturesque ſcenery of the Menai, will be viewed to great advantage, by hiring a boat at the quay.* But if this moſt adviſeable plan ſhould not be approved of, the walk to the Mol-y-don Ferry, about five miles on the Bangor road, will prove highly gratifying: the Menai, whoſe banks are ſtudded with gentlemens' ſeats, appearing ſcarcely viſible between the rich foliage of the oak, which luxuriates to the water's brink, is filled with veſſels, whoſe ſhining ſails, fluttering in the wind, attract and delight the obſerving eye; whilſt the voice of the ſailors, ex-

* The hire of a boat from ſeven ſhillings and ſix-pence to half-a-guinea.

changing ſome ſalute with the paſſing veſſel, is gently wafted on the breeze.

Croſſing the ferry, we ſoon reached the ancient reſidence of the Arch-Druid of Britain, and where was formerly ſtationed the moſt celebrated of the ancient Britiſh academies; from this circumſtance, many places in this iſland ſtill retain their original appellation, as *Myfyrim*, the Place of Studies; *Caer Edris*, the City of Aſtronomy; *Cerrig Boudyn*, the Aſtronomer's Circle. The ſhore to the right ſoon brought us to the plantations of Plâs-Newydd, conſiſting chiefly of the moſt venerable oaks, and nobleſt aſh in this part of the country.

——— " Superior to the pow'r
" Of all the warring winds of heaven they riſe;
" And from the ſtormy promontory tower,
" And toſs their giant arms amid the ſkies;
" While each aſſailing blaſt increaſing ſtrength ſupplies."

Beattie's Minſtrel.

Beneath their " broad brown" branches, we diſcovered ſeveral *cromlechs*, the monuments of Druidical ſuperſtition; ſeveral ſtones of enormous ſize ſupport two others placed horizontally over them.* For what purpoſe

* " The eaſtern ſeems originally to have conſiſted of ſeven ſtones, ſix " uprights

purpoſe theſe ancient relicks were originally erected, it was not for us puiſne antiquarians to diſcuſs, and with eager impatience we hurried to viſit the noble manſion, which has not yet received the finiſhing ſtroke of the architect; ſufficient however is accompliſhed to form a conjecture of its intended ſplendor and magnificence. The whole is built, ſtables included, in a Gothic caſtellated form, of a dark ſlate-coloured ſtone; on entering the veſtibule, we, for a ſhort time, imagined ourſelves in the chapel, a miſtake, though ſoon diſcovered, to which every viſitor is liable; the ceiling having Gothic arches, with a gallery ſuitable to it, and ſeveral niches cut in the ſide walls: we were next conducted through a long ſuite of apartments, the deſign of them all equally convenient and elegant. The landſcape from the Gothic windows is both beautiful and ſublime; a noble plantation of trees, the growth of ages—the winding ſtrait of the Menai, gay with veſſels paſſing and repaſſing; and beyond this tranquil ſcene, the long range of the Snowdon Mountains ſhooting into the clouds, the various hues of whoſe features appear as beautiful, as their magnitude is ſublime. The houſe is protected from the encroachment of the ſea, by a ſtrong parapet

" uprights ſupporting an immenſe ſuperincumbent one, (with its flat " face lying upon them) thirteen feet long, nearly as much broad, and " four feet thick.——*Warner's Second Walk.*

embattled wall; in fine, this magnificent ſeat of Lord Uxbridge, ſeems to poſſeſs many conveniences peculiar to its ſituation: the warm and cold baths, conſtantly filled by the Menai, are ſequeſtered and commodious, and every apartment of the houſe is abundantly ſupplied with water.*

Being unavoidably prevented viſiting the celebrated Paris Mountain, the property of Lord Uxbridge and the Rev. Mr. Hughes, we again returned to the hotel, at Caernarvon, purporting to ſtay the following day, (Sunday) for the purpoſe of making a ſtrict enquiry into the religious ſect, ſettled here, and in many parts of Wales, called *Jumpers*.† The account we had received from our landlord, we imagined was exaggerated, and this more ſtrongly induced us to

* In the time of the Romans, this iſland was called, by the Britons, *Mona*; but becoming ſubject to the Engliſh, in the time of Egbert, it was afterwards termed *Angleſey*, or the Engliſhman's Iſland. See *Rowland's Mon. Ant.* p. 172, 173.

† Before the Author of this Itinerary propoſed publiſhing this Tour through the Cambrian territories, he was induced to ſend an account of this extraordinary ſect to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, (July, 1799, p. 579.) This is, therefore, only to be conſidered as a repetition; with the addition of a brief extract from the two ſubſequent letters, (September, 1799, p. 741, and November, p. 938,) given to the public by different hands, through the medium of the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

viſit

viſit the chapel, that we might be enabled, in future, to contradict this ridiculous report.

At ſix in the evening the congregation aſſembled, and on our entrance into the chapel, we obſerved on the north ſide, from a ſort of ſtage or pulpit, erected on the occaſion, a man, in appearance, a common day-labourer, holding forth to an ignorant and deluded multitude. Our entrance at firſt, ſeemed to excite a general diſſatisfaction; and our near neighbours, as if conſcious of their eccentricities, muttered bitter complaints againſt the admittance of ſtrangers. The chapel, which was not divided into pews, and even deſtitute of ſeats, contained near an hundred people; half way round was erected a gallery. The preacher continued raving, and, indeed, foaming at the mouth, in a manner too ſhocking to relate:—he allowed himſelf no time to breathe, but ſeemingly intoxicated, uttered the moſt diſmal howls and groans imaginable, which were anſwered by the congregation, ſo loud, as occaſionally to drown even the voice of the preacher. At laſt, being nearly exhauſted by continual vociferation, and fainting from exertion, he ſunk down in the pulpit: the meeting, however, did not diſperſe: a pſalm was immediately ſung by a man, who, we imagined officiated as clerk, accompanied by the whole congregation. The pſalm had not continued long, before

before we obſerved part of the aſſembly, to our great ſurpriſe, *jumping* in ſmall parties of three, four, and ſometimes five in a ſet, lifting up their hands, beating their breaſts, and making the moſt horrid geſticulations. Each individual ſeparately jumped, regularly ſucceeding one another, while the reſt generally aſſiſted the jumper by the help of their hands. The women always appeared more vehement than the men, and infinitely ſurpaſſed them in numbers; ſeeming to endeavour to excel each other in jumping, ſcreaming, and howling. We obſerved, indeed, that many of them loſt their ſhoes, hats, and bonnets, with the utmoſt indifference, and never condeſcended to ſearch after them; in this condition, it is not unuſual to meet them jumping to their homes. Their meetings are twice a week, Wedneſdays and Sundays. Having accidentally met with a gentleman, at the hotel, a native of Siberia, we invited him to our party, and, induced by curioſity, he readily accompanied us to the chapel. On the commencement of the *jumping*, he intreated us to quit the congregation, exclaiming, "Good "God! I for a moment forgot I was in a Chriſtian "country; the dance of the Siberians, in the worſhip "of the Lama, with their ſhouts and geſticulations, is "not more horrid!" This obſervation ſo forcibly ſtruck me, that I could not avoid inſerting it in my note-book.

With

With diſguſt we left the chapel, and were given to underſtand, by our landlord, they celebrate a particular day every year, when inſtances have been known of women dying by too great an exertion; and fainting is frequently the conſequence of their exceſſive jumping.

This ſect is by no means confined to the town of Caernarvon, but in many villages, and in ſeveral market towns, both in North and South Wales,* they have eſtabliſhed regular chapels. "They have" (ſays a correſpondent to the *Gentleman's Magazine*,†) "periodical meetings in many of the larger towns, to "which they come from thirty to forty miles round. "At one, held in Denbigh, about laſt April, there "were, I believe, upwards of four thouſand people, "from different parts. At another, held in Bala, "ſoon afterwards, nearly double that number were "ſuppoſed to be preſent." The laſt number appears rather to be exaggerated, though the letter, being dated from Denbigh, ſhould be conſidered as authoritative.

Another correſpondent to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, gives the following information reſpecting the ſect: "That they are not a diſtinct ſect, but *Methodiſts*,

* I have ſince underſtood, that they have a chapel at Caermarthen.

† September, 1799, p. 741.

"of

" of the ſame perſuaſion as the late Mr. Whitfield ; " for though there are ſeveral congregations of *Weſ-* " *leyan Methodiſts*, in this country, there is no ſuch " cuſtom amongſt them. But jumping during reli- " gious worſhip is no new thing amongſt the other " party, having (by what I can learn) been practiſed " by them for many years paſt. I have ſeen ſome of " their pamphlets, in the Welch language, in which " this cuſtom is juſtified by the example of David, " who danced before the ark ; and of the lame man, " reſtored by our bleſſed Saviour, at the gate of the " Temple, who leaped for joy." How far this gentle- man's account may be accurate, I leave for others to decide ; it is certainly to be lamented, in a country where the Chriſtian Religion is preached in a ſtile of the greateſt purity and ſimplicity, that thoſe poor igno- rant deluded wretches ſhould be led to a form of wor- ſhip ſo diſſonant to the Eſtabliſhed Church of England, and, indeed, by a poor ignorant fellow, devoid of edu- cation, and devoid of common ſenſe.

The ſame road we had ſo much admired the pre- ceding Saturday, ſoon brought us to

BANGOR,

the ſuppoſed ſcite of the Bovium, or Bonium, a Roman ſtation,

ſtation, and celebrated for the moſt ancient Britiſh monaſtery, which contained two thouſand four hundred Monks: it has long retained its Britiſh name, *Bangor*, or *Banchor*, ſignifying "a beautiful quire;" an appellation it juſtly merits. The ſituation is deeply ſecluded, "far from the buſtle of a jarring world," and muſt have accorded well with monaſtic melancholy; for the Monks, emerging from their retired cells, might here indulge in that luxurious melancholy, which the proſpect inſpires, and which would ſooth the aſperities which the ſevere diſcipline of ſuperſtition inflicted on them. The ſituation of Banchor appears more like a ſcene of airy enchantment, than reality, and the reſidences of the canons are endeared to the votaries of landſcape by the proſpect they command. On the oppoſite ſhore, the town of Beaumaris is ſeen ſtraggling up the ſteep declivity, with its quay crowded with veſſels, and all appeared buſtle and confuſion; the contraſt which the nearer proſpect inſpired, was too evident to eſcape our notice, where the

"Oak, whoſe boughs were moſs'd with age,
"And high top bald with dry antiquity,"

afforded a ſeat for the contemplation of the wide expanſe of the ocean, which is ſeen beyond the little iſland of Puffin, or Prieſtholm; ſo called, from the quantity

quantity of birds of that ſpecies, which reſort here in the ſummer months.

The cathedral has been built at different times, but no part very ancient; it was made an epiſcopal ſee, about the time of the conqueſt: the church was burnt down by Owen Glendwr, in the reign of Henry IV.; the choir was afterwards built by Biſhop Henry Dene,* between 1496 and 1500; the tower and nave by Biſhop Skevington, 1532. The whole is Gothic architecture, with no other particular ornament to diſtinguiſh it from a common Engliſh pariſh church. There are, however, ſeveral biſhops† buried in the choir. I could dwell with pleaſure on the picturesque beauties of this little epiſcopal ſee; but a repetition of the ſame epithets *grand*, *beautiful*, *ſublime*, *fine*, with a long catalogue, which muſt neceſſarily occur, would appear tautologous on paper, though their archetypes

* Or Deane.

† As from neglect we did not tranſcribe the names of the biſhops, it may not be deemed improper to inſert the following paſſage from a well-known Author: "Here are monuments for Biſhops Glynn, 1550; "Robinſon, 1584; Vaughan, 1597; Rowlands, 1616: Morgan, 1673; "and one with a croſs fleuri in the ſouth tranſept, aſcribed to Owen "Glendwr; but as he was buried at Monington, in Herefordſhire, where "he died, I ſhould rather aſcribe it to ſome of the earlier biſhops; Mr. "Pennant gives it to Owen Gwynned."

in

in nature would aſſume new colours at every change of poſition of the beholder. From this retirement, a ferry-boat ſoon conveyed us to

BEAUMARIS,

the largeſt and beſt built town in Angleſey, where the ſame buſy ſcene occurred. Having taken a ſhort ſurvey of Baron Hill, the ſeat of Lord Bulkley, commanding a fine proſpect of the ocean, with the huge promontory of Pen-mawn-maur, we were ſoon convinced, that there was nothing to require a longer ſtay; and returning to Bangor, we purſued the road to Conway. About two miles on our left, we paſſed the park and caſtle of Penrhyn, the ſeat of Lord Penrhyn: this has lately been conſiderably enlarged and repaired, under the judicious direction of Mr. Wyat. The entrance is remarkably elegant, reſembling a triumphal arch. This manſion enjoys a boundleſs proſpect of the ocean on one ſide, appearing but feebly reſtrained by a long tract of ſcarcely viſible coaſt on the other; in front, the flat iſland of Angleſey, the lofty Penmawn-mawr, and the prominent point of Caernarvonſhire: whilſt the neat church of Landegai forms a nearer object of admiration. We ſoon reached the dark lowering promontory of Pen-mawn-mawr, about eight

eight miles from Bangor, rising perpendicularly, in a massy wall, to the height of one thousand four hundred feet: huge fragments of shattered rock are scattered by the side of the road, and a wall, scarcely five feet high, alone protects a carriage from the steep precipice; which, from the slightness of the foundation, has even fallen down in many parts. In this awfully sublime situation we remained for some time, astonished at the bold protuberance of the rocks, which seemed to project their dark sides, to augment the idle roar of the waves.

Pursuing a good turnpike-road, we soon came in sight of the hoary towers of

CONWAY CASTLE.

An air of proud sublimity, united with singular wildness, characterizes the place. The evening was far advanced; and part of its ruins were shining with the purple glow of the setting sun, whose remaining features stood in darkened majesty, when we entered this monument of desolation. Passing over a plank, originally the scite of the draw-bridge, we came into the outward court, strongly defended with battlements; from thence we examined the grand entrance of the castle, with several abutments projecting forward, similar

lar in ſtile to Caernarvon. On the ſouth ſide of the court is the grand hall, meaſuring an hundred and thirty feet by thirty-two, with eight light Gothic arches, five of which are ſtill in good condition. On one end is the chapel with a large window, a beautiful ſpecimen of Gothic architecture. It is founded on the ſolid rock, by Edward I. in the year 1284: the walls are from eleven to fifteen feet thick: all the towers are defended by ſmaller round ones, projecting two or three feet over, with a regular communication round the whole caſtle by galleries, on the ſame plan as at Caernarvon. The ſteps are decayed and broken, and the looſeneſs of the ſtones rendered a footing very inſecure; but, impelled by an irreſiſtible curioſity, we aſcended the moſt perfect tower, and an extenſive proſpect preſented itſelf to our view. The foundation of one of the principal towers, looking towards a ſmall river, which here joins the Conway, has lately given way, and torn down with it part of the building; the remainder now hangs in an extraordinary manner. The whole town is incloſed within ſtrong walls, and defended by a number of towers, which communicate with the caſtle by a gallery; there are likewiſe ſeveral gate-ways, at certain diſtances.

The ancient church next attracted our attention; but did not detain us long, as the monuments for

the Wynnes are the only things worthy of inſpection. From thence we ſurveyed the remains of the college, which in the reign of Edward I. was intended for the inſtruction of youth: it is now in complete ruins: the workmanſhip curious, with ſeveral ſculptured arms. In this town is an ancient houſe, built in the form of a quadrangle, by the Wynnes, in the time of Elizabeth, now inhabited by poor families. This houſe is adorned, after the fantaſtical faſhion of the times, in which it was erected; the roof is ſingularly carved, and the front decorated with the arms of England, with ſeveral curious creſts, birds, and beaſts; it bears the date of 1585. The arms of Elizabeth are carved over the door, fronting the ſtreet.

The trade of Conway conſiſts in the exportation of ſlate, and copper from the Llandidno mines, from whence the fineſt ſpecimens of Malachite copper is brought. The town and caſtle of Conway are ſeen to great advantage in croſſing the river, which is here nearly a mile over, and at high water waſhes the walls of that maſſy ruin: in the middle of the channel is a ſmall rocky iſland. We obſerved, from this ſituation, the two caſtles, called Bodſcallan and Dyganwy; the ſmall remains of the latter ſtand on a high rock above the river; the former is a beautiful ſeat of the Moſtyns.

We

We were ſoon tranſported into Denbighſhire; an extenſive proſpect of the ocean preſented itſelf before us, and we diſcovered the mountains of the Iſle of Man, which could ſcarcely be diſtinguiſhed from the clouds of Heaven, and the waves of the ſea. In deſcending a hill, about two miles from the neat bathing-town of

ABERGELE,

we obſerved, on our right, two immenſe caverns, about half way up the mountain; they are called Cavern-ar-ogo, and run four or five hundred yards into the ground; but their real extent has never yet been aſcertained with accuracy. From theſe mountains, vaſt quantities of lime are ſhipped for Liverpool, and many parts of England; they are ſaid to be inexhauſtible.

Abergele, ſituated on the edge of Rhuddlan Marſh, is a ſmall neat town, of one ſtreet, reſorted to in the ſummer-ſeaſon for bathing. The ſands afford excellent walking; in the evening we lingered on the beach for a conſiderable time, enjoying the calm, but cheerful beauty of Nature, and inhaling the pure ſea-breeze—for

——" The wind was huſh'd,
" And to the beach each ſlowly-lifted wave,
" Creeping with ſilver curl, juſt kiſt the ſhore,
" And ſlept in ſilence."——

Maſon's Garden.

With pleaſure, mixed with reverential awe, we trod Rhuddlan Marſh, ſo celebrated in the annals of hiſtory. Here the ill-fated Richard the Second was betrayed into the hands of Bolinbroke, and taken priſoner to Flint: here the famous King* of Mercia met his untimely death: here the Welſh, under the command of Caradoc, in the year 795, were defeated in a conflict with the Saxons, and their leader ſlain in the action. This memorable and tragical event is handed down to poſterity, by an ancient celebrated Ballad, called *Morva Rhuddlan*, or the Marſh of Rhuddlan, compoſed by the bards on the death of Prince Caradoc.

The ground we trod, connected with ſo many events, revived in our minds, the memory of paſt ages, a ſeries of hiſtorical events came to our recollection; events, that are now ſo diſtant, as almoſt to be obliterated from the page of hiſtory. Paſſing over a bridge of two arches, thrown over the river Clwyd, we entered

* Offa.

RHUD-

RHUDDLAN,

once the largeſt and moſt reſpectable town in North-Wales. Walking over the ruins of the caſtle, I recurred, by a natural aſſociation of ideas, to the times, when the parliament-houſe, the halls, and courts echoed with the voices of thoſe, who have long ſince been ſwept from the earth, by the unerring hand of death. One ſolitary Gothic window is now only remaining, to diſtinguiſh the old parliament-houſe, where Edward the Firſt inſtituted that famous code of laws, under the title of the *Statute of Rhuddlan*, from a neighbouring barn: and, what once contained the parliament of England, now contains nothing but bark for the ſupply of a tan-yard.

The old caſtle is built of red ſtone; it conſiſts of a ſquare area, ſtrongly fortified with a wall: this court we entered through the grand gate-way, between two round towers: the oppoſite ſide correſponds. The whole is encircled by a deep entrenchment, faced with ſtone on the river ſide, with two ſquare towers, one of which ſtill remains.

The road from hence to

ST. ASAPH,

affords a moſt rich and beautiful walk, extending along the celebrated vale of Clwyd. This rich tract of land, called, *The Eden of North Wales*, extends in length about twenty-five miles, and in breadth about eight. The neighbourhood of Ruthin affords the beſt view of this vale: though it is by no means ſo intereſting and romantic, as the vale of Glamorganſhire, yet its high cultivation, and the pictureſque, but moderate height of the hills, riſing on each ſide of the river Clwyd, renders the ſcenery pleaſing: its chief produce is corn. Both theſe vales claim the attention of the traveller; and both have to boaſt of particular beauties. One mile from St. Aſaph, we paſſed, on our right, the elegant ſeat of Sir Edward Lloyd. We ſtill followed the banks of the Clwyd, and at the fartheſt extremity a light elegant bridge, of ſeven arches, with the dark tower of St. Aſaph's Cathedral riſing on an eminence juſt over it, gave a pictureſque effect to the whole ſcenery.

The town itſelf is built on a hill, in one ſtrait line, with a few neat houſes. The cathedral naturally demands attention: the inſide is remarkably neat and elegant, entirely Gothic, with the ceiling of cheſnut, and open ribs, like the ſkeleton of a ſhip: it has lately been

been repaired by Mr. Turner, architect of Whitchurch, at the great expence of two thouſand four hundred pounds. The monument of David ap Owen, biſhop of this dioceſe, was particularly pointed out to us. The biſhop's palace has been entirely rebuilt by the preſent dioceſan. The choir conſiſts of a biſhop, dean, ſix canons, ſeven prebends, and four vicars. There are no monuments in the church-yard, and few of any importance within its venerable walls.

St. Aſaph receives its derivation from its patron, who eſtabliſhed a biſhop's ſee here, in the year 590: but in Britiſh it is named *Llan-Elwy*, on account of the conflux of the Elwy with the Clywd. It is ſingular, that the biſhop's juriſdiction extends over no entire county, but part of Flintſhire, Denbighſhire, Montgomeryſhire, Merionethſhire, and Shropſhire.

The tract of land extending from hence to

DENBIGH,

is extremely rich in wood, paſture, and corn, but very deficient in water; directly contrary to the rugged ſcenes of Caernarvonſhire; the ſummits of whoſe mountains appeared ſtill viſible in the diſtant retroſpect,

mingling with the clouds. About a mile from St. Aſaph, we were particularly pleaſed with an old oak, whoſe arms extending entirely acroſs the road, formed a moſt elegantly ſhaped arch.

Denbigh, ſituated nearly in the centre of the vale of Clwyd, is a well-built town, ſtanding on the declivity of a hill. A large manufactory of ſhoes and gloves is here carried on, and annually ſupplies London with a vaſt quantity. The ruins of the caſtle, ſtill remaining on a rock, commanding the town, are too celebrated in hiſtory, and too cruelly ſhattered by the ravages of war, to be paſſed unnoticed. The principal entrance forms a fine Gothic arch, with the ſtatue of King Edward the Firſt, its founder, above it, in an elegant nich, curiouſly carved, encircled with a ſquare ſtone frame. No part of this caſtle is perfect; but the huge thick fragments, which are ſcattered in the moſt extraordinary and fantaſtical manner, ſeem to tell its former magnificence; and a preſent view of things, ſuch as they are, with a retroſpect of what they originally were, ſpreads a gloom over the mind, and interrupts the pleaſure of contemplation; yet ſtill, the ſingular character of this ruin is particularly intereſting. Maſſes of wall ſtill remain, the proud effigies of ſinking greatneſs; and the ſhattered tower ſeems to nod at every murmur of the blaſt, and menace the obſerver with immediate

mediate annihilation. Amongſt theſe ruins we lingered till the whole was ſilvered by the pale rays of the moon. To form a conjecture, on the extent of its apartments, is now impoſſible; but it is thus deſcribed by Leland, in his *Itinerary:*

" The caſtelle is a very large thinge, and hath many " toures yn it; but the body of the worke was never " finiſchid.

" The gate-houſe is a mervelus ſtrong and great " peace of worke, but the faſtigia of it were never " finiſchid. If they had beene, it might have beene " countid among the moſt memorable peaces of workys " in England. It hath diverſe wardes and dyverſe port- " colicis. On the front of the gate is ſet the image of " Henry Lacy, Erle of Lincoln, in his ſtately long " robes.

" There is a nother very high towre, and larg, in the " caſtelle, caullid the Redde Towre.

" Sum ſay, that the Erle of Lincoln's ſunne felle " into the caſtelle welle, and ther dyed; wherapon he " never paſſid to finiſch the caſtelle.

" King Edward the Fourth was beſiegid in Den-

" bigh

" bigh caſtelle, and ther it was pactid bytwene King " Henry's men and hym that he ſhould with life de- " parte the reaulme, never to returne. If they had " taken King Edwarde there debellatum fuiſſet."

The pariſh church ſtands within the walls of the original town. Below the caſtle are the fragments of an old church, which for particular reaſons, that cannot now be aſcertained, was never finiſhed: it contains nine windows on two ſides, with a large and handſome one on the eaſt.

The vale of Clwyd ſtill retains the character of luxuriant fertility: about two miles from hence, in our way to

RUTHIN,

" Denbigh, fair empreſs of the vale," with its tottering towers, formed a moſt beautiful landſcape; whilſt the neat little hamlet of Whitchurch peeped from among the pomp of groves. At the ſmall village of St. Fynnon St. Dyſnog, this curious inſcription over a door,

" Near this place, within a vault,
" There is ſuch liquor fix'd,
" You'll ſay that water, hops, and malt,
" Were never better mix'd;"

invited

invited the " weary-way wanderer," to partake of the *good things* within: this inclined us to be better acquainted with the author of this *extraordinary* ſtanza; and we intreated the landlord to be our director to the much-eſteemed well of St. Dyfnog. Paſſing through the church-yard, and from thence through the paſſage of an alms'-houſe, we reached a plantation of trees, with a broad gravel-walk, almoſt concealed from day's gariſh light, by the thick foliage: this brought us to the fountain, encloſed in an angular wall, which forms a bath of conſiderable ſize; and ſo

——" far retir'd
" Among the windings of a woody vale,
" By ſolitude and deep ſurrounding ſhades,
" But more by baſhful modeſty, conceal'd;"

that the " lovely young Lavinia" might here plunge into the flood, ſecure from the intruſion of Palemon. Many wonderful qualities are attributed to this fountain; but it is more particularly celebrated for the cure of the rheumatiſm: the water has no peculiar taſte. We returned by a ſubterraneous path under the road, which led to the pleaſure grounds, adjoining the ſeat of major Wylyn.

Several ſeats were beautifully diſperſed on each ſide of the vale; among which, Lord Bagot's and Lord Kirk-

Kirkwall's formed the moſt prominent features in the landſcape.

Ruthin is a large neat town, only divided from the pariſh of Llanruth, by a ſtrong ſtone bridge: the church, which is beautifully ſituated, is a handſome modern edifice: here is a monument to Dr. Gabriel Goodman, dean of Weſtminſter, in the time of Elizabeth, and likewiſe a native of this place. A new gaol has lately been built here by Mr. Turner. The remains of the caſtle, at the ſouthern extremity of the town, are ſcarcely worthy a moment's obſervation; and the ſcite of the old chapel is now converted into a bowling-green. Owen Glendwr demoliſhed this town by fire, September 20, 1400. In the laſt century, the loyaliſts fortified the caſtle, and ſuſtained a long ſiege in 1646.

We ſtill continued ſkirting the rich vale of Clwyd; but winding up a ſteep hill, overlooking the whole of it, from one extremity to the other, we were reluctantly compelled to bid a final adieu to all its viſtas, hamlets, ſteeples; the whole proſpect, glowing with luxuriance, ſeemed to aſſume freſh beauties, at this our farewell view: the cattle, which were grazing in the ſhorn meadows, and beautifully contraſted with the ripening corn, appeared more animated; and we diſcovered, or thought

thought we diſcovered, an additional number of villages, peeping from the woody ſkirts of the ſloping hills. From this point the vale is certainly ſeen to great advantage. To give a ſtill greater effect, a thunder-ſtorm came rolling on; and the clouds were

" Silent borne along, heavy and ſlow,
" With the big ſtores of ſteaming oceans charg'd."

This ſtorm compelled us to ſeek for a ſhelter in a miſerable pot-houſe; but the civility of the landlady fully compenſated for its want of accommodations. The effects of the ſtorm rendered the remainder of our journey much more agreeable, and the heat leſs oppreſſive: a dull, unintereſting road continued, till we arrived within four or five miles of

WREXHAM.

The contraſt was too ſtriking to eſcape our notice; but having climbed a ſteep eminence, the eye commanded an almoſt boundleſs range of land; and the faint colour of the hills, retiring in the diſtance, was beautifully combined with the mellow green of nearer woods. The counties of Cheſhire, Shropſhire, and a conſiderable part of Wales, were extended, like a map, for our inſpection; the town of Wrexham, riſing in the

the bottom, animated the ſcene, with its noble tower, overtopping the numberleſs little ſteeples near it. Cloſe to the road, we obſerved ſeveral coal and lead mines, and a melting-houſe for forming lead into pigs; theſe works belong to Mr. Wilkinſon.

The dirty out-ſkirts of Wrexham, by no means prepoſſeſſed us in favour of the town, but viewing it more leiſurely, we can ſafely affirm, that it is not only the largeſt, but the beſt built town in Wales.

To the kind attentions of a clergyman in the neighbourhood of Wrexham, we are much indebted, and under his directions, we ſurveyed the lions with great advantage. Our friendly Ciceroni firſt conducted us to the church, an elegant building of the reign of Henry VII. The tower is an hundred and forty feet high, and eſteemed "a beautiful ſpecimen of the "florid, or reformed Gothic, which prevailed about "that time;" all the figures and ornaments are well deſigned, and ſtill in high preſervation. The inſide is not leſs elegant; it has lately been neatly repaired, with a good gallery and organ: the painted altar-piece is well executed. On the left, facing the altar, is a very handſome monument by Roubilliac, to the memory of Mrs. Mary Middleton; both the deſign, and execution, reflect the higheſt credit on the ſculptor; the

the ſubject is the Laſt Day; at the ſound of the trumpet, a tomb of black marble burſts open, and a beautiful female figure, clothed in white, appears riſing from it, juſt awoke from the ſleep of death; her form dignified; candour, innocence, and celeſtial joy ſhine in her countenance, and give it the moſt feeling and animated expreſſion: in the back ground, an obeliſk, ſuppoſed to be erected to her memory, is rent aſunder; above, an angel, enveloped in a cloud, is pointing to brighter ſcenes. In this church are two other monuments, executed by the ſame celebrated maſter, in memory of ſome of the Middletons; their deſigns, though ſtriking, cannot be compared to his Laſt Day. Our worthy Conductor, perceiving we were great amateurs of paintings, and careful that nothing of conſequence ſhould be paſſed unnoticed by us, particularly wiſhed us to examine the performance of a young artiſt, then at Wrexham: a copy amongſt others, of a painting of Rembrant's, taken by Mr. Allen, from a celebrated picture, in the poſſeſſion of Lord Craven, was moſt ingeniouſly executed; the ſubject is an Old Man, inſtructing a Young Boy; the attention of the latter, moſt admirably preſerved; the head of the former, and the hand particularly, moſt highly finiſhed. Without any exaggeration, this painting would do credit to the moſt ſcientific painter, and be eſteemed invaluable; it is therefore to

be

be hoped, from the hands of so young an artist as Mr. Allen, that this performance will be disposed of, where judges of painting may view it with a critic's eye, and recommend its merits to those who can afford to encourage industry and ingenuity.

Our friend's invitation to his hospitable parsonage, and agreeable family, was too kindly urged, possibly to be refused, and in our way to

MARCH WIEL,

we visited the seat of P. York, Esq. The grounds and plantations, are very extensive; and the bowery walks, while they afford refreshing shelter from a summer's sun, allow partial views of the counties of Cheshire and Shropshire; with the Wrekin and Brydyork Hills: in short, through these groves

"How long so e'er the wanderer roves, each step
"Shall wake fresh beauties, each short point presents
"A different picture; new, and yet the same.

The tower of Wrexham, and the town itself, as occasion offers, is a nearer, and an additional charming object. In an alteration of the walks a few years since, were discovered below the surface of the ground, the

the ſhattered walls of an ancient caſtle; theſe fragments Mr. Yorke has left unimpaired, and they remain a memento of the viciſſitudes of fortune. The entrenchments round the caſtle, and likewiſe the original ſcite of the keep, are ſtill very apparent.

The houſe itſelf is very indifferent: Watt's Dyke runs through part of the grounds. In a parlour oppoſite the garden, we obſerved ſome fine paintings of the Hardwicke family. Mr. Yorke has dedicated another room to the Royal Tribes of Wales,* where the arms and lines of the deſcent, as far as they can be traced, are emblazoned and hung up.

In the coolneſs of the evening, our hoſpitable hoſt conducted us to the neat and elegant little country church of March Wiel, lately caſed with ſtone; and in the year 1788, ornamented with a new painted window by Mr. Eginton, of Birmingham; the twenty-one compartments contain the arms and creſts of the Middletons and Yorkes, with rich tranſparent borders. This window is undoubtedly very elegant, but the ſubject in my own opinion, more adapted to a hall, than an ornament to a church window. The high

* Since our viſit to this ſpot, Mr. Yorke has publiſhed a moſt excellent and valuable book, entitled, *An Hiſtory of the Royal Tribes of Wales.*

tower appears not in proportion with the body of the church.

Deeply impreſſed with ſentiments of gratitude towards our reverend friend, and ſenſible of his hoſpitality and kind intentions, we took leave of him early the next morning, and purſued our route to

RUABON,

purpoſing to viſit Wynnſtay Park, the much admired ſeat of Sir Watkin Williams Wynne. On leaving March Wiel, a moſt delightful proſpect ſpread before us; in the retroſpect, the tower of Wrexham Church brought to our recollection the views of Magdalen College Tower, in the vicinity of Oxford.

The park of Wynnſtay is well ſtocked with red deer; excellent plantations; and the houſe is an elegant modern ſtructure, but nothing in the inſide particularly deſerving the attention of the traveller. In the grounds, the chief object, worthy of inſpection, is a very elegant obeliſk, now erecting to the memory of the preſent Sir Watkin's father. The height is an hundred and one feet; the baſe of it ſixteen, and the top nine, built with free-ſtone, and fluted: round the top is formed a gallery,

lery, with a handſome urn in bronze, after an elegant deſign, caſt in London; round the baſe of the column are wreaths of oak leaves, in the beaks of four eagles, caſt in the ſame metal. On the ſouth-weſt ſide is a door, with a ſtair-caſe within the obeliſk leading to the top: we regretted that the key could not be procured, as the proſpect from that elevation muſt be extremely fine. On the other three ſides, an appropriate inſcription, in Engliſh, Welch, and Latin, is to be carved.

Through this park runs Offa's Dyke, thrown up by the great King of Mercia, from whence it derives its name, to check the irruptions of the Welch, mark the confines of each country, and give greater ſecurity to his own. It begins at Baſingwerk, in Flintſhire, and ends at Chepſtow, in Monmouthſhire; extending a line of not leſs than one hundred and fifty miles, over rocks and mountains. This great undertaking ſtill retains the ancient name of *Clawdh Offa*, or Offa's Dyke.

Paſſing through the little village of Ruabon, ſituated at the extremity of Sir Watkin's Park, a very intereſting and picturesque country, compoſed of rich vallies, and gently ſloping hills, preſented itſelf to our view; and, at ſome diſtance, we ſoon caught a glimpſe of Chirk Caſtle, a noble ſeat of the family of the

Myddletons, ſtanding on an eminence. Four miles from Llangollen, we enquired for the wonderful

PONTCYSYLLTY,*

(pronounced *Pont y Caſulte*) or famous aqueduct, now erecting over the river Dee, and found ourſelves within half a mile of this great and aſtoniſhing undertaking. It is not yet finiſhed; eleven pillars are already completed, built of ſandy ſtone, which is dug on the ſpot; they are fifteen yards aſunder, and their height, from the bed of the river, one hundred and twenty feet: over the whole is to run an iron trough, ſufficiently deep for barges of conſiderable burthen. On the middle column is the following inſcription:

"The nobility and gentry of
The adjacent counties,
Having united their efforts with
The great commercial intereſt of this country,
In creating an intercourſe and union between
England and Wales,
By a navigable communication of the three rivers,
Severn, Dee, and Merſey;

* Enquire the way to this aqueduct at the turnpike, about four miles from Llangollen.

For

For the mutual benefit of agriculture and trade,
Caufed the firft ftone of this aqueduct of
PONTCYSYLLTY,
To be laid on the 25th day of July, M.DCC.XCV.
When Richard Myddleton, of Chirk, Efq. M. P,
One of the original patrons of the
Ellefmere canal,
Was lord of this manor,
And in the reign of our Sovereign
George the Third;
When the equity of the laws, and
The fecurity of property,
Promoted the general welfare of the nation;
While the arts and fciences flourifhed
By his patronage, and
The conduct of civil life was improved
By his example."

This wonderful aqueduct reflects great honour to the undertakers of fo admirable, as well as valuable an enterprife; and fhould their hazardous fcheme fucceed, the whole nation muft indubitably reap great advantages: feveral columns muft ftill be erected, before the level can be accompliſhed. It is forming over the moft beautiful and romantic part of the river Dee; a bridge likewife, not far from this fpot, adds confiderably to the beauty of the fcene. Wood, water, and floping hills, all combine to render this vale intereſting;

ſeveral detached cottages, are ſprinkled through its wooded declivities, and here and there a gentleman's ſeat, "embоſomed high in tufted trees," makes a pleaſing feature in the faſcinating landſcape. Returning to the turnpike-road, a ſhort ſaunter ſoon brought us to the romantically-ſituated town of

LLANGOLLEN,

(pronounced *Llangothlen*) completely environed with mountains, with a high hill to our right, bearing on its narrow peak the ſmall remains of Caſtle Dinas Brân. The bridge, adjacent to the town, thrown over the rapid Dee, conſiſting of ſix arches, and formerly eſteemed *one of the principal wonders of Wales*, by no means anſwered our expectations. Some difficulty, no doubt, attended its firſt erection, as the foundation is built on the ſolid rock: it is now repairing.

The elegant deſcription of the valley in the kingdom of Amhara, by Dr. Johnſon, is very applicable to Llangollen; for "all the bleſſings of nature ſeemed here to "be collected, and its evils extracted and excluded." Without a ſigh of regret, not like the diſcontented Raſſelas, I could here paſs the remainder of my days, "in full conviction, that this vale contains within its

"reach

" reach all that art or nature can beſtow; *I could* pity " thoſe, whom fate had excluded from this ſeat of " tranquillity, as the ſport of chance, and the ſlaves of " miſery." Such is the enviable ſituation of Lady Eleanor Butler and Miſs Ponſonby, who thus veiled in obſcurity have fitted up, in a true characteriſtic ſtile, an elegant little cottage at the weſt extremity of the town, ſituated on a knoll: the two rooms, which are allotted for the inſpection of ſtrangers, are very handſomely furniſhed; the dining-room is ornamented with drawings, the moſt favourite ſpots in the vicinity being ſelected as the ſubjects. The window commands a proſpect of the mountains, which awfully riſe in front. The ſtudy, looking on the well-arranged plantations of the garden, was appropriately furniſhed with a choice collection of books: we regretted, in the abſence of the gardener, that we could not gain admittance to the grounds. The vale of Llangollen, and this enviable retreat, have been the ſubject of much admiration both in verſe and proſe; and highly deſerve the praiſes which have been laviſhed upon it:

" Say, ivy'd Valle Crucis; time delay'd
" Dim on the brink of Deva's wand'ring floods,
" Your iv'd arch glitt'ring thro' the tangled ſhade,
" Your grey hills tow'ring o'er your night of woods;
" Deep in the vale receſſes as you ſtand,
" And, deſolately great, the riſing ſigh command;

" Say, lovely ruin'd pile, when former years
" Saw your pale train at midnight altars bow;
" Saw ſuperſtition frown upon the tears
" That mourn'd the raſh, irrevocable vow;
" Wore one young lip gay Eleanora's* ſmile?
" Did Zara's† look ſerene one tedious hour beguile?

The bridge of Llangollen is thus deſcribed by the elegant pen of Mr. Pennant:

" The bridge, which was founded by the firſt *John* " *Trevor*, Biſhop of *St. Aſaph*,‡ who died in 1357, is " one of the *Tri Thlws Cymru*, or three beauties of " *Wales*: but more remarkable for its ſituation than " ſtructure. It conſiſts of five arches; whoſe wideſt " does not exceed twenty-eight feet in diameter. The " river uſually runs under only one; where it has " formed a black chaſm of vaſt depth, into which the " water pours with great fury, from a high broken " ledge, formed in the ſmooth, and ſolid rock, which " compoſes the whole bed of the river. The view " through the arches, either upwards or downwards, is " extremely picturesque."

Having ſatisfied our curioſity, Dinas Brân, or Crow

* Lady Eleanor Butler. † Miſs Ponſonby.

‡ *Willis's St. Aſaph*, p. 52, 285.

Caſtle,

Caſtle, next invited our attention, and having attained the ſummit of a ſteep and craggy hill, commanding a pleaſing view of Llangollen, we arrived at the ruins, which creſt this precipice. The remains of this caſtle are now ſo trifling, that it ſcarcely repays even the enthuſiaſt the trouble of aſcending; its appearance is by no means picturesque, not a tree to give effect to the crumbling walls; nor has time ſpared one of the towers.

It was formerly the reſidence of Myſanwy Vechan, ſo celebrated in verſe. The caſtle is built of the ſtone which compoſes the hill, on which it is erected. The proſpect is very pleaſing. Chirk Caſtle, Wynnſtay Park,* and many other ſeats of reſpectability, more particularly conſpicuous; great part of the vale, and the meandering courſe of the Dee, may here be traced; whilſt the oppoſite hills are ſhelved off in an extraordinary and unuſual manner, reſembling ſo many walls, or fortifications. Having deſcended this ſteep eminence, we continued our route to Valle Crucis Abbey, about two miles diſtant from Llangollen. It would be adviſable for ſtrangers firſt to viſit Valle Crucis, and

* From a ſecond ſurvey of my note-book, I perceive, when ſpeaking of the houſe, I omitted mentioning that there are ſeveral family pieces, both of the Wynne and Williams, worthy the inſpection of the connoiſſeur. The houſe has been built at various times.

take

take Dinas Brân Caſtle in their way back to their inn. The tranſmutations of time are frequently ridiculous: the long aiſles of this monaſtery, which were once only reſponſive to the ſlow-breathed chaunt, now repeat the rude diſſonance of ducks, cows, and all manner of poultry. Inſtead of theſe emblems of ruſticity, the mind's eye is more accuſtomed to appropriate theſe antique edifices to the midnight proceſſion of Monks iſſuing from their cells, to perform the ſolemn ſervice. Theſe neglected walls are too deeply-ſhrouded by the melancholy grove of towering aſh, contiguouſly formed, to be ſeen to advantage; an axe, judiciouſly uſed, would be of ſervice to the ruin, as the elegant window of the chapel is completely concealed by the luxuriant vegetation around; ſtill, however, a pleaſing melancholy pervades the whole ſcene. The abbey is beautifully ſkreened, on all ſides, by woody hills, which entirely protect it from the inclemency of the winter.

This ancient ciſtertian monaſtery was founded by Madoc ap Griffith Maelor, in the year 1200, and is ſometimes called Llan-Egwiſte, or Llanegwaſt. In this vale is the pillar of Eglwyſeg; but the country people appeared quite ignorant of its ſituation. Returning to Llangollen, we purſued the turnpike-road to the neat village of

CHIRK.

CHIRK.

For ſome way we followed the ſtrait and formal courſe of a canal, near this, communicating with the Pont-y-Caſulte; we again pauſed to ſurvey this wonderful deſign. The vale, on our left, was indeſcribably beautiful; and over the whole was diffuſed the purple glow of the evening. The proſpect was compoſed of the miniature parts of the immenſe landſcape we had viewed from Dinas Brân Hill, each of which we now contemplated ſeparately as a ſcene. The moon's checkered gleam beſilvered the walls of Chirk Caſtle, juſt as we entered the Hand inn, where, after the fatigues of a long walk, we met with excellent accommodations, when conſidered as a village.

After breakfaſt the next morning, we endeavoured to obtain admiſſion to ſee the inſide of Chirk Caſtle, but without ſucceſs, though now only inhabited by ſervants, who were peremptorily commanded to admit no ſtrangers. It is ſituated on an eminence, ſurrounded by a park, and fine plantations, which are very judiciouſly laid out; this elegant manſion has been in the poſſeſſion of the Myddleton family ever ſince the year 1614. Having gratified ourſelves with a ſurvey of this noble park, we returned to the Oſweſtry road. Leaving the village

village of Chirk, we croſſed a new bridge, of one arch elegantly conſtructed: near it is another aqueduct, of conſiderable extent, now erecting over this river and valley, which, though very inferior to the Pont-y-Caſulte, is ſtill a great undertaking: it is ſeveral hundred yards in length, and the brick piers riſe fifty or ſixty feet above the level of the water. Near this is a rich coal mine, lately diſcovered. From hence to Oſweſtry, we traverſed a rich encloſed country, and enjoyed a ſcene particularly pleaſing: all the inhabitants were collected, to gather in the produce of the ripened field; and

"Thro' their cheerful band the rural talk,
"The rural ſcandal, and the rural jeſt,
"Fled harmleſs."——

To the traveller and the poet, ſuch ſcenes afford an ample field for amuſement; but waving corn is ill adapted to the canvas of the painter. About two miles from Oſweſtry, we paſſed through the little town of

WHITTINGTON.

At this place was fought the battle between Oſwald, the Chriſtian King of the Northumbrians, and Pènda, the Pagan King of the Mercians, in which the former loſt his life. An eaſy walk ſoon brought us to

OSWES-

OSWESTRY.

Its only relicks now remaining are the ruins of a chapel, built over a remarkably fine ſpring of water; to this was formerly attributed the cure of various diſeaſes, incident both to man and beaſt; and though its miracles have long ceaſed, yet it ſtill bears the name of the Saint. The remains of the caſtle, ſuppoſed to have been built at the time of the conqueſt, are now almoſt too trivial to be noticed. This town was garriſoned by the king, in the beginning of the civil wars, but captured in June, 1644, by the Earl of Denbigh and general Mytton.

In paſſing through the town of Oſweſtry, we noticed the church, as being a very neat building; but either from our own neglect, or imagining it not to be antient, we did not inſpect the interior. Oſweſtry ſuffered greatly by fire, in the year 1542, and likewiſe in 1567.

"The chirch of St. Oſwalde (ſays Leland) is a very "faire leddid chirch with a great tourrid ſteple, but it "ſtandith without the new gate; ſo that no chirch "is there withyn the towne. This chirch was ſum "time

" time a monaſterie, caullid the *White Minſter*. After " turnid to a paroche chirch, and the perſonage im- " propriate to the abbey of Shreuſbyri. The cloiſter " ſtoode in hominum memoria ubi monumenta mona- " chorum. The place and ſtreate wer the chirch " ſtandithe is caullid Stretllan."

From this place to

LLANYMYNACH,

a continuation of the rich encloſed country, ſhewing to advantage the agriculture of theſe parts, attended us till we reached the foot of the hill of Llanymynach. From the ſummit of this we enjoyed a moſt beautiful and boundleſs proſpect, commanding the whole dome of the ſky: all individual dignity was overpowered by the immenſity of the whole view, which conſiſted more particularly of the rivers Virnwy and Tannad, joining their waters with the Severn; the lofty water-fall of Piſtyll Rhaiadr—the Breddin Hills—and the Ferwyn Mountains. The geological obſervations on Llanymynach Hill, by Mr. Aikin, are ſo accurate, that to attempt any further deſcription would be deemed highly preſumptuous in me; I ſhall therefore avail myſelf of an account, ſo ably delineated:

" The

" The hill of Llanymynach, is not only remarkable " for the fine proſpect from its top, it is ſtill more " worthy notice, as containing by far the moſt exten- " ſive *lime-works* of any in this part of the country. " The lime of Llanymynach rock is in high requeſt " as a manure, and is ſent by land carriage as far as " Montgomery, New-town, and even Llanidloes: it " ſells at the kilns, for ſeven-pence a buſhel, and from " thirty to thirty-ſix buſhels, are reckoned a waggon- " load; the coal with which it is burnt, is brought " partly from the neighbourhood of Oſweſtry, and " partly from Sir Watkin Williams Wynne's pits, " near Ruaben. The lime lies in ſtrata, parrallel to " the horizon, varying in thickneſs from three inches " to five feet; it is of an extraordinary hardneſs, with " but little calcareous ſpar, and few ſhells, or other " marine exuvial; its colour reddiſh brown, burning " to almoſt white. Between the ſtrata of lime, we " found a very tenacious ſmooth clay, orange coloured " ochre, and green plumoſe carbonate of copper, or " malachite. It was in ſearch of this copper, that the " Romans carried on here ſuch extenſive works, of " which the remains are ſtill very viſible: they conſiſt " of a range of from twenty to thirty ſhallow pits, the " heaps of rubbiſh from the mouths of which, abound " with ſmall pieces of copper ore, and a cave of conſi- " derable dimenſions, terminating in an irregular wind-

" ing

" ing paſſage, of unknown length, connected with " which, are two air ſhafts ſtill remaining open, and " the appearances of ſeveral others, now filled up: in " ſome of theſe caverns are found, large and beautiful " ſpecimens of ſtalactite. One of the levels was ex- " plored ſome years ago, and in it was diſcovered a " ſkeleton, with mining tools, and ſome Roman cop- " per coins. The whole maſs of the hill, ſeems more " or leſs impregnated with copper: whenever the ſur- " face is uncovered, there are evident marks of the " preſence of this metal, and the ſtones compoſing the " rampart of Offa's Dyke, which encompaſſes two ſides " of the hill, are in many parts quite covered with " *cupreus efflorescences*. Between the village and the " rock, paſſes a branch of the Elleſmere Canal, which, " when navigable, will add much to the value of theſe " works, by rendering them more acceſſible to the ſur- " rounding country, and may induce ſome ſpirited ad- " venturer, to recommence a ſearch after copper, " which, it is evident, was formerly proſecuted with " conſiderable ſucceſs."

This deſcription of Llanymynach Hill, we pronounce from our own obſervation, to be ſo very accurate, that the length of the quotation will be readily excuſed. Leaving the pretty village of Llanymynach, ſituated on the banks of the Virnwy, we reſumed our journey

journey to Welch Pool; the face of the country was pleaſing, and we ſoon reached the Breddin Hills, on whoſe ſummit a column is erected to commemorate the victory of admiral Lord Rodney over the French, in the year 1782. Not far from hence, we paſſed a handſome aqueduct, admirably conſtructed over the river Virnwy, of great ſtrength and ſtability. The vale of the Severn affords much picturesque ſcenery, and we at length arrived at

WELCH POOL

Quay, about three miles from that place; ſeveral veſſels were lying here, which carry on a conſtant traffic with Worceſter, and the towns ſituated on the banks of this noble river. Before our entrée into Pool, Powis Caſtle appeared on an eminence, immediately riſing behind the town, and beautifully backed with a large plantation of trees.

Welch Pool derives its name from a black pool in its neighbourhood, (its Welch appellation ſignifying a quagmire or pool), and is one of the five boroughs in Montgomeryſhire, which jointly ſend a member to parliament. The town is by no means neat; it ſtands on a low hill, and conſiſts of one principal ſtreet; in

which are ſituated the new county hall, and market-places. The Severn is navigable within three quarters of a mile of this town, which is computed at not leſs than two hundred miles from its junćture with the Briſtol Channel. It is the great market for the Welch flannel, called *gwart*, or webb, prepared in many parts of Merionethſhire, and generally uſed for ſoldiers clothes. This trade, however, has of late been very inconſiderable.

Powis Caſtle (anciently called Poole Caſtle) lies to the right, about one mile from Pool, on the ridge of a rock, retaining a mixture of caſtle and manſion: it is built of red ſtone, and originally contained within its walls two caſtles: the entrance is between two round towers. There are ſeveral family portraits in a long gallery, meaſuring one hundred and ſeventeen feet by twenty:* it was formerly one hundred and ſixty-ſeven feet long, but an apartment has been taken out of one end.† The gardens ſtill retain that ſtiff formality, ſo much in vogue many years ago; but the curious water-works, in imitation of the wretched taſte

* The meaſurement of this gallery is copied from former touriſts, as ſome MS. notes taken on the ſpot, relative to this caſtle, and the places coming under our inſpection, the two following days, have been accidentally loſt.

† *Lord Littleton's Account of Powis Caſtle.*

of

of St. Germain's en Laye, are now deſtroyed. The proſpect from the caſtle is very extenſive, comprehending a view of Welch Pool, Vale, and Freiddin Hills.

From hence to

MONTGOMERY,

the Elleſmere Canal accompanied us part of the way; and at length, after a fatiguing walk, we reached the Green Dragon, a ſmall and comfortable inn. The ſcite of Montgomery is very pleaſing, on a gentle aſcent, and backed by a ſteep hill, beautifully clothed with the rich plantations belonging to Lord Powis. The town itſelf is a ſtraggling place, and has little to recommend it; the remains of the caſtle are now too trifling to intereſt the paſſing traveller.

In the year 1094, this caſtle was gallantly defended by the Normans; but the Welch, at laſt, finding means to undermine the walls, took it by ſtorm; and, after putting the garriſon to the ſword, levelled it to the ground. It was rebuilt by King Henry III. in the year 1221, as a check to the incurſions of the Welch; but a ſecond time razed to the ground by Llewellyn the Great, Prince of Wales: it afterwards became

the ſeat of the anceſtors of the Lords Herbert of Cherbury, and continued in the poſſeſſion of their deſcendants, till reduced to its preſent ruinous condition by the civil wars.

The road to

BISHOP'S CASTLE,

brought us through a very rich country; and, on aſcending a hill, about five miles from Montgomery, a retroſpect of the far diſtant mountainous country of Wales, to which we were now bidding a laſt adieu, irreſiſtibly brought on a train of ſerious reflections. In a retroſpect like this, where the ſubject and the ſcene muſt inſpire ſerious thoughts, ſuch traces are not unpleaſing; they tend to promote one general effect—the love of contemplation. We enumerated the little incidents which had taken place, indulging reflections on ſcenes for ever paſt:—we erected, on the ſpot which we eſteemed moſt adapted to retirement, the viſionary cottage: our ſchemes were inſtantly arranged,—fancy faſhioned its ornaments, adapted its appendages;—and fancy will ever exceed realities. But all our air-built plans of future happineſs ſoon vaniſhed:—and alas! when

"fancy

———" fancy ſcatters roſes all around,
" What bliſsful viſions riſe! In proſpect bright
" Awhile they charm the ſoul: but ſcarce attain'd,
" The gay deluſion fades. Another comes,
" The ſoft enchantment is again renew'd,
" And youth again enjoys the airy dreams
" Of fancied good."———

Biſhop's Caſtle is ſituated in a bottom; we found it a more extenſive place than we expected; but being ſhortly convinced, that there was nothing particular to require a long ſtay, and having recruited ourſelves at the Caſtle inn, we haſtened to leave the town. The road, for the firſt ſeven miles, continually dipped into ſhallow vallies, well wooded, affording curſory views, with many a ſubſtantial farmer's habitation lurking amongſt the trees. At length, a rich and noble vale, with extenſive woods on our right, animated with ſeveral gentlemens' ſeats, and watered by an overflowing ſtream, running immediately cloſe to the road, accompanied us to

LUDLOW;

ſituated on an eminence, in the midſt of this moſt luxuriant country. After the many indifferent Welch towns which we had paſſed through, ſince the com-

mencement of our pedeſtrian excurſion, we felt ourſelves not a little chagrined at our uncouth appearance, in entering ſo gay a place. The ſtreets are commodious, and the houſes and public buildings extremely neat. The gravel walks round the caſtle are extenſive, and command, at occaſional points, diſtinct proſpects of the gentlemens' ſeats in the neighbourhood, with their grounds and noble plantations. The river Teme gives additional beauty to this faſcinating ſpot; the new bridge, recently erected a little below the caſtle, forms likewiſe, from this ſpot, by no means an unintereſting object; add to this, at ſuitable diſtances, the river, by means of dams, is formed into ſmall artificial caſcades. At the extremity of the town, is another bridge, ſeparating the counties of Shropſhire and Hereford. Theſe walks were laid out in the year 17[illegible]2, by the Counteſs of Powis, at a great expence. The overſhadowing trees not only afford refreſhing ſhelter from a ſummer's ſun, but are likewiſe a protection from the piercing winter's wind: indeed,

——————"I cou'd rove
"At morn, at noon, at even by lunar ray,
"In each returning ſeaſon, through your ſhade,
"Ye reverend woods; cou'd viſit ev'ry dell,
"Each hill, each breezy lawn, each wand'ring brook,
"And bid the world admire; each magic ſpot again
"Cou'd ſeek, and tell again of all its charms."

Towards

Towards the north, the mazy courſe of the Teme, —Oakley Park, the elegant ſeat of the Dowager Lady Clive,—the Clee Hills,—the celebrated Caer Caradoc, with the other eminences, near Stretton, terminating the view, preſent a moſt pleaſing landſcape. Towards the weſt, a combination of rock, wood, and water, gratifies the warmeſt wiſh of fancy.

The Whitecliff, oppoſite to the caſtle, and Hackluyt's Cloſe, near the Leominſter road, are the two other moſt favorite walks; but that round the caſtle is reſorted to as the moſt faſhionable promenade.

The town of Ludlow has been calculated to contain ſeven hundred and two houſes, and nearly three thouſand five hundred and ſixty-five perſons.* The public buildings are, the market-houſe, the guild-hall, the priſon, called Goalford's Tower, and the croſs: the rooms over the latter, are dedicated for the inſtruction of thirty poor boys, and fifteen poor girls; and the former, at a proper age, are apprenticed out. The

* This eſtimation is taken from the *Ludlow Guide*; from which I have taken ſuch extracts, as, I flatter myſelf, will not be unacceptable to the Touriſt. We dedicated two or three days to the inveſtigation of this intereſting town, and conſequently, in thoſe parts where the Guide is defective, we have made conſiderable additions; and more particularly when ſpeaking of the church.

town enjoys no particular manufactory, but its chief trade consists in the article of gloves.

The castle, the palace of the Prince of Wales, in right of his principality, is now entirely in ruins, except Mortimer's Tower, which was repaired by Sir Henry Sidney, during his presidency: it is now inhabited by an old servant of Lord Powis's, a very civil and intelligent man, who related, with the utmost concern, the sad vicissitudes this castle had experienced; he insisted on our entering the tower of his habitation, and ascending the crumbling stairs, for a full display of the various beauties in the vicinity of Ludlow; he expatiated much on a valuable diamond ring, which he had discovered *himself*, when attempting to drain a cellar; the inscription of Hebrew characters, round the gold, within the ring, was interpreted by the *larned*, "A good heart;" this, and several coins of silver and gold, which were found at the same time, are now in the possession of Lord Powis; near the same spot, a number of skeletons were likewise dug up. He next conducted us to a small room in this tower, to observe an old stone placed over the fire-place, with a cross, the letters W. S. and the date 1575, engraven on it.

Over the south-east gateway, leading into the interior of the castle, are the arms of Elizabeth, Queen of England,

England; and beneath, thoſe of the Sydney family, with the following inſcription:

HOMINIBUS INGRATIS LOQUIMINI
LAPIDES.——ANN, REGNI REGINÆ
ELIZABETHAE 23.——THE 28 YEAR
COPLET OF THE RESIDENCE
OF SYR HENRY SYDNEY KNIGHT
OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE
GARTER, 1581.

This caſtle, founded by Roger de Montgomery, on a rock, in the north-eaſt angle of the town, ſuppoſed to be in the year 1112, was conſiderably enlarged by Sir Henry Sydney. Its ancient Britiſh name, *Dinan Llys Tywyſog*, ſignifies the *Prince's Palace*. The viciſſitudes of war have frequently been exemplified in this caſtle; it has had its lords and its princes; it has been plundered, captured, diſmantled, and repaired, in thoſe periods of civil warfare, which this unfortunate country, in former times, continually experienced. Phillips, in the *Hiſtory and Antiquities of Shrewſbury*, during thoſe melancholy troubles, gives ſome account of this caſtle. Some hiſtorians affirm, that King Edward V. and his brother, were born in Ludlow Caſtle; but others not crediting this aſſertion, attribute their birth-place to Wigmore: certain, however, it is, that during their minority,

minority, they here held their court, under the tuition of Lord Anthony Woodville, and Lord Scales, till they were removed to London, and ſoon after ſmothered in the tower, by the command of their cruel and ambitious uncle, the Duke of Glouceſter. Here, likewiſe, Prince Arthur, the eldeſt ſon of King Henry VII. celebrated his marriage with the virtuous Catharine of Arragon; and in 1502, he here paid the debt of nature, and was buried in the cathedral church of Worceſter.

The account of the repreſentation, at Ludlow, of Milton's celebrated *Maſk of Comus*, is thus mentioned in the Life of that poet, prefixed to Newton's edition: "It was in the year 1634, that his Maſk was pre-"ſented at Ludlow Caſtle. There was formerly a "preſident of Wales, and a ſort of a court kept at "Ludlow, which has ſince been aboliſhed; and the "preſident, at that time, was the Earl of Bridgewater, "before whom Milton's Maſk was preſented, on "Michaelmas night; and the principal parts, thoſe "of the Two Brothers, were performed by his lord-"ſhip's ſons, the Lord Brackly, and Mr. Thomas "Egerton; and that of the Lady, by his lordſhip's daughter, the Lady Alice Egerton."

In the firſt year of William and Mary, the preſidency was

was diſſolved by act of parliament, "being a great "grievance to the ſubject, and a means to introduce "an arbitrary power, eſpecially in the late reign, when "a new convert family were at the head of it."

The church next demanded our attention, the only one belonging to this town. The time of the foundation of this ancient and elegant ſtructure cannot now be ſtrictly aſcertained: it is ſituated on an eminence, in the centre of the town. The ſquare tower is lofty, and of very light architecture, but the upper part ſuffered much, from the all-deſtroying hand of Oliver Cromwell. The highly-finiſhed ſtatues round the battlements, are much mutilated, and many entirely deſtroyed. On entering the church, ſix light Gothic fluted arches on each ſide, with four ſimilar ones of larger dimenſions, ſupporting the tower, are ſtrikingly grand. Under the organ-loft, we paſſed into the chancel, now only made uſe of for the adminiſtration of the Sacrament. This is a moſt elegant building, with thirteen ſtalls on each ſide, ſimilar, in ſtile, to the generality of cathedrals; the ſeats of the ſtalls, all of which turn back, exhibit ſpecimens of curious workmanſhip, with ſtrange devices, and ridiculous conceits. Some of the glaſs painted windows are ſtill in good preſervation; the large one, over the altar-piece, repreſents the Hiſtory of St. Lawrence, to whom this church is dedicated, in fifty-

fifty-four compartments. The other windows of the chancel are much mutilated, collected from different parts of the church, and several panes broken, by the unmeaning idleness of boys;—regardless of these valuable relicks of antiquity.—In the side of the wall, near the altar, are two stone stalls, with a piscina opposite.

In this chancel is a handsome monument, erected to the memory of Robert Townsend, and his wife, with several figures of their sons and daughters carved round the bottom: over them are the arms of their family and connexions: it bears the date of 1581.

A modern monument to Theophilus Solway, Esq.

An ancient one to Ambrosia Sydney, who died at Ludlow Castle. This lady was daughter to Sir Henry Sidney, who attained the important situation of the presidency of Wales, in the year 1564. He died at Bewdley, in 1584, and left this singular injunction to his executors: "that his heart should be buried at "Shrewsbury, his bowels at Bewdley, and his body at "Ludlow, in the tomb of his favourite daughter Am-"brosia:" this order was punctually executed; and the leaden urn, containing his heart, was six inches deep, and five inches in diameter at the top, with this inscription carved three times round it:

HER

HER LITH THE HARTE OF SYR HENRYE SYDNEY L. P. *Anno Domini*, 1586.

For an engraving of this urn, taken from a drawing of Mr. S. Nicholas, ſee the *Gentleman's Magazine* for September, 1794.

Another monument* to Edward Wetſon, and his wife, kneeling oppoſite to each other.

In a ſmall chapel, to the left of the chancel, are three very handſome painted glaſs-windows, containing the Hiſtory of the Apoſtles, in eighteen compartments: there is alſo a roſary.

In this chapel is an elegant marble tomb, to Sir Thomas Bridgeman, ſerjeant at law. In this church is likewiſe buried Sir John Bridgeman, the laſt preſident but one of Ludlow Caſtle. He was extremely rigid in his office: and one Ralph Gittins, who had probably experienced his ſeverity, compoſed the following Epitaph on him:

"Here lies Sir John Bridgeman, clad in his clay:
"God ſaid to the Devil, ſirrah, take him away."†

* No account of the inſide of the church is given in the *Ludlow Guide*.

† *Phillips's Hiſtory of Shrewſbury.*

A chapel

A chapel correſponding on the oppoſite ſide, contains the royal arms of Charles, and ſome old iron armour.

Should the Touriſt find time to make any ſtay at Ludlow, ſeveral excurſions in the neighbourhood, will prove highly gratifying. Oakley Park, the elegant ſeat of the Dowager Lady Clive, claims the greateſt attention; it is ſituated about two miles from Ludlow, on the banks of the Teme river; juſt beyond this, is a ſeat of —— Walpole, Eſq. About five miles diſtant is Downton Caſtle, the noble manſion, and fine walks of Richard Payne Knight, Eſq. one of the repreſentatives in parliament for the borough of Ludlow. Being neceſſitated to leave this charming country by a particular day, we had no opportunity of viſiting theſe celebrated and much admired ſeats.

With regret we left the delightful ſituation of Ludlow, and croſſing Lawford's Bridge, we aſcended an eminence, along a beautiful terrace, commanding a moſt charming and pleaſant country to our left, with the fertile county of Hereford, abounding with orchards, which were all bending with the produce of the year. About two miles from Ludlow on the right, we pauſed to admire the delightful ſeat of Theophilus Richard Solway, Eſq. ſituated on an eminence, and ſkirted by a rich plantation of wood towards

towards the weſt: it is called the Lodge. Deſcending into a bottom, a rich country, ſtudded with farm-houſes, ſoon brought us to the town of

LEOMINSTER;

or Lemiſter, conſiſting of one long ſtreet; the Market-place in the centre, bearing a very old date, and likewiſe the church, are both deſerving of the traveller's notice. It is ſituated in a flat, and the country round it is not particularly intereſting.

From hence a turnpike-road, ſhewing to advantage, the rich culture of the country, ſoon brought us within ſight of the venerable cathedral of

HEREFORD,

backed by a ſloping eminence juſt riſing behind, and beautifully clothed with wood. Being under a particular engagement to meet a party at Roſs, to accompany us down the Wye the following day, time would not allow us to inveſtigate this reſpectable city, ſo minutely as it deſerves. Our obſervations, therefore, were ſo curſory, that the *Hereford Guide* muſt ſupply the

the deficiencies in this part of our Journal; this neglect, the Tourift muft attribute to our delay at the engaging town of Ludlow.

At Hereford, we for fome time hefitated refpecting the hire of a boat to convey us to Rofs; but the exorbitant demand of the boatmen foon determined us to purfue the turnpike-road, and follow, as near as poffible, the courfe of the Wye. The orchards were overcharged with "bending fruit," and feemed to prognofticate a more favourable cider feafon, than has of late been experienced. The retrofpect of the city, with its ancient cathedral, formed a moft attracting view; and about three miles, a moft lovely vale, bounded by the hills of South Wales, arrefted our attention. A continuation of the fame fcenery of orchards, in which Herefordfhire fo peculiarly abounds, with the road continually dipping into fhallow vallies, attended us within five miles of Rofs, when, afcending a fteep hill, a view of that town, or, rather, of its far confpicuous fpire, broke in upon the repofing character of the fcene. This prefently conducted us to Wilton Bridge, thrown over the Wye, about half a mile from the town; and, leaving the caftle of Wilton to the left, we afcended the town of

ROSS,

ROSS,

to the inn, ſo celebrated as the original habitation of Mr. Kyrle; more generally known by the name of "The Man of Roſs." The landlord ſeems rather to depend upon the cuſtom of ſtrangers, from this circumſtance, than the accommodations the inn offers. On the bridge we pauſed a ſhort time, to take a view of the meandering Vaga, which here conſiderably widens; ſeveral pleaſure-boats, of various conſtruction, were riding at anchor, and united to enliven the watry ſcene, whilſt its ſmooth tranquil ſurface, reflected and reverted every object ſituated on the banks.

The life and character of Mr. Kyrle has too often been inſiſted on, and too frequently celebrated in verſe, to be again repeated, unleſs to "point its moral to the "heart;" teaching us, that ſelf-approbation can confer an inward happineſs, ſuperior to all wordly applauſe; for,

"What nothing earthly gives, or can deſtroy;
"The ſoul's calm ſunſhine, and the heart-felt joy,
"Is virtue's prize."———

Such a buſtle pervaded the whole town, of parties aſſembling here for an equatic expedition to Mon-

mouth, the following day, that with difficulty we obtained a ſmall room. From this circumſtance, it would be adviſable for parties to ſecure themſelves accommodations during the ſummer months, a conſiderable time before hand; ſuch is the continued aſſemblage of parties forming for the Wye; a boat likewiſe ſhould be hired, and by mentioning the number of your party, the landlord will be a proper judge, reſpecting the ſize. Strangers may paſs, with pleaſure, the greateſt part of a day, in ſurveying the views in the vicinity of Roſs; views, which muſt gratify the moſt ſuperficial obſerver; but more particularly from the church-yard. A walk may be preferred through the latter place to "The "Proſpect," ſo called from the profuſe variety of objects, in the beautiful, and the ſublime, which are preſented from this ſpot. The ſudden burſt of ſuch a collection of beauties, the eye, indeed, cannot contain without gratification. The river below bends itſelf in the whimſical and fantaſtical ſhape of a horſe-ſhoe: this ſingular wind of the river—the ruins of Wilton Caſtle—the luxuriant counties of Hereford and Monmouth, and the beautiful Chaſe Woods, all combine to promote one peculiarly grand and beautiful effect. To enter into a minute deſcription of objects, ſo various and extenſive, is impoſſible: in fine, to delineate the beauties of the Vaga, with all its accompaniments, would be enumerating every object that is intereſting in

in Nature. Having ſufficiently contemplated the view from the Proſpect, a ramble through the meadows will next prove highly pleaſing.

The ſituation of Roſs, though exceedingly beautiful, has nothing in itſelf to detain attention: the ſtreets are narrow, dirty, and inconvenient. The caſtle of Wilton, ſituated on the banks of the Wye, was founded in the reign of King Henry I.; it was formerly a nunnery, from whence the Greys de Wilton derive their title.

Early in the morning, we congratulated each other on the favourableneſs of the weather, and with good ſpirits provided all the neceſſaries requiſite for our water expedition; the enjoyment of which depends much on the ſeaſon. The hire of the boat to Monmouth, by water, is one pound eleven ſhillings and ſixpence, not including ten ſhillings for proviſions for the men, who likewiſe expect an additional ſmall ſum, after the fatigues of the day. The boat, navigated by three men, will contain ten or twelve people, without any inconvenience, and is properly protected by an awning, from the heat of the ſun. The diſtance from Roſs to Chepſtow, by water, is more than forty miles, which ſtrangers occaſionally accompliſh in one day; but this hurrying method will not allow them an op-

portunity of inſpecting, with proper attention, the various objects which deſerve to be noticed; and they cannot poſſibly find time to leave their boat, and climb the rugged ſteep banks of the Wye, in ſearch of views, which, though viſited by the diſcerning few, yet merit the regard of every amateur of Nature's landſcapes: and here it may not be improper to mention, that the boat-men too frequently ſuffer theſe moſt intereſting ſpots to be paſſed unnoticed by ſtrangers, merely from lazineſs, or to avoid the delay of a few minutes. Gilpin, in his excellent treatiſe, *Obſervations on the River Wye*, thus analyzes, in the ſecond ſection, the beauties of the "echoing Vaga," and divides its conſtituent parts into—the *ſteepneſs* of its banks—its *mazy* courſe—the *ground*, *woods*, and *rocks*, which are its native ornaments—and, laſtly, the *buildings*. To this he might with propriety have added, its *echoes*—the *variety of views* from its banks—the fiſhing *coracles*, which are continually on the river; for all theſe contribute to form one pleaſing and intereſting effect.

We embarked on board our boat, a little below the town; and the firſt object which drew our attention, was the ivy-mantled walls of Wilton Caſtle: the annual growth of the few trees which encircle it, will, in time, render it a more picturesque object; it is at preſent ſo ſufficiently ſeen from the water, as not to require the

ſtranger

ſtranger to diſembark for farther inſpection. A few yards below, we paſſed under Wilton Bridge; an elegant ſtructure, of ſeveral arches. From hence, for four or five miles, the banks are tame and unintereſting, and ſo high above the river, as to prevent a proſpect of the adjacent country; but a groupe of cattle, ſome ruminating on the brink, ſome browzing on the aſhlings, which overhung the ſtream, and others

——— "from their ſides,
"The troublous inſects laſhing with their tails,
"Returning ſtill," ———

formed a "rural confuſion." The velocity of the ſtream ſhortly brought us to that noble ſcenery, about four miles from Roſs, which ſo eminently diſtinguiſhes and conſtitutes the beauty of the Wye; before us, the noble remains of Goodrich Caſtle, creſting a ſteep eminence, enveloped with trees, preſented themſelves; behind, the thick foliage of Chaſe Woods cloſed the picture. The happieſt gradation of tints, and the livelieſt blending of colours, were here conſpicuous. On the right hand we landed on the ſhore, in order to make a minute inveſtigation of the caſtle: it is certainly a grand ruin, and ſtands on an eminence, naturally ſo ſteep, as to render it, in former times, capable of ſome reſiſtance againſt a formidable enemy. On our firſt en-

trance into the ruin, we naturally indulged reflections on paſt ſcenes, contemplated the traces of ancient ſplendor; and, connecting what remains, with what is deſtroyed; we pondered on the vanity of human art, and the ravages of time, which exhibit, in this ruin, their completeſt triumph. The warrior, who ſtrove to preſerve its original grandeur againſt the attacks of Cromwell, is buried in Walford Church, ſituated on the oppoſite ſide of the river, and ſeen from the caſtle. The different parts of the building bear evident marks of its having been erected at various times; from a ſeat in the caſtle-yard is the moſt advantageous ſpot for ſurveying, in one view, the whole of this ruin: an octagon pillar, of light and elegant workmanſhip, is ſeen to great advantage through the gate-way, and adds conſiderably to the magnificence of this ancient pile: it now belongs to Dr. Griffin, of Hadnock, the lord of the manor. To return to our boat: we took a different and more circuitous route, for the purpoſe of inſpecting the remains of Goodrich Priory, now converted into a farm. The chapel has experienced the ſame viciſſitude; and thoſe walls, which formerly re-echoed with the chaunting of voices, and the ſolemn peal, now repeat the continued ſtrokes of the flail; in many parts of the walls, the initials of names of perſons, who have long ſince paid the debt of nature, and left behind no other memorial, are carved with characteriſtic

teriſtic rudeneſs, ſhewing, to every paſſing ſtranger, the prevalency of that univerſal paſſion—the love of fame. The Gothic windows, and the croſs, erected on each end of the building, ſhew evident marks of its former purpoſe. The boat uſually meets the paſſengers at another reach of the river; but it is a plan by no means to be recommended; ſince, by miſſing a circuit round the caſtle, its different tints, and variety of attitudes, occaſioned by one of the boldeſt ſweeps of the Wye, are entirely loſt. A ſhort time after we had taken our laſt retroſpect of Goodrich Caſtle, the ſpire of Ruredean Church appeared in front, juſt peeping from among the woody ſkirts of the Foreſt of Dean: a little below, Courtfield Houſe, belonging to Mr. Vaughan, was ſeen, in a very picturesque point of view, with the ruins of the chapel, forming the back ground. In Courtfield Houſe, tradition reports, the warlike Henry V. was nurſed; and in the church of Welch Bicknor, ſituated to the right, in a noble amphitheatre, encloſed with rocks, firſt embraced the Chriſtian religion. A buſy ſcene of craft loading and unloading, and coals ſhipping for various parts from the quay at Lidbrook, preſents a picture of cheerful activity, and forms a pleaſing contraſt to the quiet, rich, and retired ſpots, we had left behind us; ſuch ſpots, as were well adapted to form the mind of Britain's glory—the virtuous Henry. The banks now

became richly clothed with wood, from the ſummits of the higheſt rocks to the water's edge; and a hill in front, called Roſemary Topping, from the mellow luxuriance of its ſides, cloſed the proſpect. Almoſt every ſweep preſents a new object to ſtrike the admiration of the ſpectator: the tranſitions are ſudden, but never ſo harſh as to diſguſt; even the contraſt between the embelliſhments of art we had juſt left, and the wild rocks, which here exhibit Nature in her moſt ſtriking attitudes, give an additional impreſſion to each other.

We now reached the fine maſs of rocks, called Coldwell, one of which, Symond's Yatch, to the left, it is cuſtomary for company to aſcend, in order to view the mazy and circuitous courſe of the river, and the extenſive proſpect around. The Foreſt of Dean, the counties of Monmouth, Hereford, and Glouceſter, were extended before us, ſtudded with villages, diverſified with cluſters of half-viſible farm houſes; with many a grey ſteeple, "emboſomed high in tufted "trees." In painting the ſeveral views from this ſummit, the happieſt deſcription would fail; the impreſſion can only be conveyed by the eye. The river here makes a moſt extraordinary winding round the promontory, and having completed a circuit of more than five miles, flows a ſecond time immediately under Symond's Yatch. The whole of this mazy courſe may be

be traced from this eminence. From hence we diſcovered a very remarkable polyſyllabical articulate echo, and we reckoned twelve diſtinct reverberations from the exploſion of a gun, fired on this ſpot. It is here again cuſtomary for the boatmen to impoſe on ſtrangers, and if they can prevail on them, during their walk to Symond's Yatch, will take the boat round the circuit of five miles, and meet them at New Wier, in order that no time ſhould be loſt; but this lazineſs we by no means encouraged, and the whole courſe of this extraordinary and romantic ſweep proved highly gratifying. Goodrich Spire, which we again wound round, preſented itſelf: huge fragments of maſſy rocks which have rolled down from the precipices, oppoſite Manuck Farm, here almoſt choaked up the courſe of the ſtream. The changing attitudes and various hues of Symond's Yatch, lifting its almoſt ſpiral head high above the other rocks, as we receded and drew near it, ſupplied a combination of tints ſurpriſingly gay and beautiful; and having accompliſhed a ſweep of five miles, we reached, within a quarter of a mile, the ſpot where we began our aſcent to this ſteep eminence.

The view of New Weir, next unfolded itſelf; but a diſagreeable ſcene here generally occurs, and interrupts the pleaſure of contemplation: a large aſſemblage of beggars, men, women, and children, on the banks,

banks, bare-footed, and ſcarcely a rag to cover them, followed our boat, imploring charity; and ſeveral almoſt throwing themſelves into the water, to catch your money, which, every now and then, the bigger ſeize from the leſs. This idle crew ſubſiſt on the trifles they obtain from ſtrangers; and as beggary is their profeſſed trade, if their wants are not ſatisfied, they generally add inſolence, with an oath, to their demands.

But I have omitted to mention, that before we reached the New Weir, the ſpire of Haunton on Wye, creſting a hill at the extremity of a long reach, and a fantaſtic barren rock, jutting out from the green foliage which encircles it, preſenting itſelf bold and conſpicuous, formed prominent and intereſting features in the landſcape: this is called "Bearcroft," receiving its appellation from the very reſpectable and learned counſellor of that name. Several rocks indeed, particularly in this part of the river, are named by the Council, who have long made it a practice of exploring the rich and bold ſcenery of the Wye, on their aſſize circuit. Gilpin, conſidering New Weir as the ſecond grand ſcene on the Wye, thus deſcribes it: "The "river is wider than uſual in this part, and takes a "ſweep round a towering promontory of rock, which "forms the ſide ſcreen on the left, and is the grand "feature

" feature of the view.——On the right ſide of the " river, the bank forms a woody amphitheatre, follow- " ing the courſe of the ſtream round the promontory: " its lower ſkirts are adorned with a hamlet, in the " midſt of which, volumes of thick ſmoke, thrown up " at intervals, from an iron forge, as its fires receive " freſh fuel, add double grandeur to the ſcene. But " what peculiarly marks this view, is a circumſtance " on the water: the whole river, at this place, makes " a precipitate fall; of no great height, indeed, but " enough to merit the name of a caſcade, though to " the eye, above the ſtream, it is an object of no con- " ſequence. In all the ſcenes we had yet paſſed, the " water moving with a ſlow and ſolemn pace, the " objects around kept time, as it were, with it; and " every ſteep, and every rock, which hung over the " river, was ſolemn, tranquil, and majeſtic. But " here, the violence of the ſtream, and the roaring of " the waters, impreſſed a new character on the ſcene: " all was agitation and uproar; and every ſteep, and " every rock, ſtared with wildneſs and terror." The accuracy and elegance of this deſcription, drawn by ſo maſterly a pen, I hope will amply compenſate for the length of this quotation. The extenſive iron-works, mentioned in this paſſage, belong to Mr. Partridge. Below the New Weir, a continuation of the ſame rich ſcenery ſtill arreſted our attention, and rocks and wood

ſeemed

ſeemed to contend, which ſhould be moſt conſpicuous; till the winding of the river, round Doward's Rock, on which was formerly a Roman ſtation, brought us under the houſe of Mr. Hatley, which commands a view of the river as far as Monmouth, when it is terminated by the town, and bridge of ſix arches. As we drew near

MONMOUTH,

the houſe of Dr. Griffin, ſituated on an eminence, and a banqueting room, erected by the inhabitants of the place, appeared above the town, on the left.

The town of Monmouth lies too low, to form a grand appearance from the water, but is, in itſelf, neat and well built, and pleaſantly ſituated on the banks of the Wye.

As we repaired to our inn, we were both involuntarily led to take a retroſpect of the paſt amuſements of the day. The partial gleams of ſunſhine had given additional tints to the rich and bold ſcenery, and every thing had conſpired to render it a moſt intereſting aquatic excurſion. The variety of ſcenes which Claude would have ſelected, had he now exiſted, for his canvas; with rapture, too, would he have caught the

the tints, and, with the happieſt effect, combined the objects into a picture; kept up our attention, and removed that ſameneſs which too often accompanies water excurſions. Such has been the pleaſure of our firſt day's water expedition; and, from the impreſſion it made on us, we eagerly look forward to ſome future period, when we may again retrace views, which memory will ever hold dear, and the pleaſure be then redoubled, with the remembrance of paſt occurrences.

The evening we dedicated to the ſurvey of Monmouth. Oppoſite the Beaufort Arms, the moſt convenient inn in the town, is the town-houſe, handſomely built, with a full length ſtatue on the outſide, facing the ſtreet, with this inſcription under it: "Henry the Fifth, born at Monmouth, Auguſt the "ninth, 1387." On the birth of this warlike and virtuous prince, the charter was granted to the town of Monmouth: it is governed by a mayor, two bailiffs, fifteen aldermen, nine conſtables, two ſerjeants, and two beadles. The caſtle now bears few veſtiges of its former grandeur; and of the regal dome, ſcarcely a wreck has eſcaped, through the long lapſe of years, the ravages of time: where a mighty king once gave audience, and where vaſſals knelt, now aſſemble the animate appendages of a farm-yard.

Near

Near the caſtle is a very antiquated houſe, now converted into a ſchool, the property of the Duke of Beaufort. To this town Wihenoc de Monemue, or Monmouth, in the reign of Henry I. brought over a convent of black Monks from St. Florence, and placed them firſt in the church of St. Cadoc, near the caſtle, and after, in the church of St. Mary. It was among other ancient priories, ſeized by the crown, during the wars with France; but was reſtored again, made deniſon, and continued till the general ſuppreſſion, in the reign of Henry VIII.* From hence we walked to the church-yard; cloſe to which is the room where Geoffery of Monmouth compoſed his well-known Hiſtory: this is now a day-ſchool. Monmouth has likewiſe to boaſt of a free-ſchool, founded here, from the following curious circumſtance: Mr. Jones, a native of Newland, being in diſtreſs, left his pariſh and went to London, where he engaged himſelf as ſervant to a Hamburgh merchant, and proving truſty in his office, he was by degrees advanced, till at length he attained a fortune of his own; willing to prove how far the charity of his native place would extend towards him, in diſguiſe, he applied for that relief, which he was enabled to ſhew towards others; but his pariſh taking no notice of him, referred him to

* *Tanner's Notitia Monaſtica.*

Mon-

Monmouth, and would not redreſs his pretended complaints: the latter, however, being more charitably diſpoſed, relieved him according to his wiſhes. Having thus proved their generoſity, he acquainted them of his real ſituation, and promiſed to repay their kindneſs, by obliging them in any demand they ſhould requeſt. On this, they ſolicited the foundation of a free-ſchool, which he immediately built, liberally endowed, and which from that time has been well ſupported. The walk to the Folly, we were informed, would have afforded us ſome beautiful and extenſive proſpects; the whole of which information we ſhould probably have found true, but the evening cloſing, we were very reluctantly neceſſitated to return to our inn.

Early in the morning we renewed our ſurvey of Monmouth. The church firſt demanded notice: it is a handſome ſtructure, but the inſide offers nothing remarkable for the inſpection of the antiquary. The gaol, built after the plan of the benevolent Howard, is ſituated in a healthy ſpot, and, in every reſpect, rendered as commodious and comfortable, as ſuch a place will allow, for the unfortunate inhabitants. Monmouth, indeed, contains ſeveral good houſes, and the neighbourhood is reſpectable. A bridge at the extremity of the town, with the ancient gateway, bears every mark of antiquity.

The

The hire of the boat, from Monmouth to Chepſtow, is on the ſame plan as from Roſs to Monmouth, the diſtance being nearly equal. Nothing now remained, but to recommence our water excurſion; and we accordingly embarked a quarter of a mile below the town, where the river Monnow joins itſelf with the Wye; from hence Monnow-mouth, or Monmouth. The weather ſtill continued favorable for our ſchemes: the banks on the left, were, at firſt, low; but as we receded from the town, the ſpire of Monmouth in the retroſpect, with the Kymin Woods, riſing from a rock of great height, on our left, under which the river meanders, and to our right, Pen-y-val Hill, engaged our attention, and was the bold and rich ſcenery we enjoyed, on our firſt re-embarkation.

The ſame ſcenery of rock, wood, and water, which ſo captivated us on the preceding day, ſtill continued, occaſionally diverſified by light veſſels ſkimming by our boat, and increaſing in number, as we approached nearer the ſea. The rude hail of the boatmen, as they paſſed, was re-echoed by the rocks, and the dingy white ſails of the veſſels, which ſoon diſappeared round ſome bold promontory, were particularly pictureſque. Coleman's Rocks appeared alternately mantled with underwood, and pointed crags; large fragments ſcattered in the river, here divide the counties of Monmouth

mouth and Gloceſter. At Redbrook Hills, the curling ſmoke iſſuing from the iron-works, formed a pleaſing accompaniment to the ſcenery, and the whole exhibited a picture of induſtrious labour. Theſe works belong to Mr. Turner: the wood and meadow land of Whitebrook Hills, were finely contraſted with the buſy ſcene at Redbrook. From hence a long reach, with Fidenham Chaſe Hill riſing conſpicuouſly in the front, brought us to the village of

LLANDOGO;

diverſified with cottages, from the baſe to the higheſt ſummit of the ſloping eminence. This village is about nine miles from Monmouth, and arreſts particular obſervation; here veſſels of conſiderable burden were loading with iron, and other commodities, for various ports. The appearance of the river here changed; the tranſlucent ſtream, which had hitherto alternately reflected, as in a mirror, the awful projection of the rocks, and the ſoft flowery verdure of its banks, was affected, by the influence of the tide, and rendered turbid and unpleaſant to the ſight.

A turn of the river ſoon brought us to the village of

TINTERN,

where we obſerved the ruins of a manſion, belonging to Mr. Farmer, of Monmouth. This houſe appears of an old date, and might probably claim the attention of the curious antiquary, was he not ſo wrapt up in contemplating the venerable Abbey, which preſents its Gothic pile, in ſolemn majeſty. This auguſt building, great in ruins, and awfully grand in appearance, impels the ſtranger, as it were, imperceptibly, to land and inſpect its noble arches, tottering pillars, and highly finiſhed windows; the ſpecimens of ancient architecture, which formerly were delicately wrought by the hand of art, are now finely decked by that of nature. On our firſt entrance, our attention was too much engroſſed, to exchange the mutual communication of thought; but the care which has been officiouſly taken to remove every fragment, lying ſcattered through the immenſe area of the fabric, and the ſmoothneſs of the ſhorn graſs, which no ſcythe ſhould have dared to clip, in a great meaſure perverts the character of the ruin: theſe circumſtances but ill accord with the mutilated walls of an ancient ruin, which has braved the pitileſs ſtorms of ſo many centuries. In this reſpect, we by no means agreed with Gilpin, who thus

thus deſcribes it: "We excuſe—perhaps we approve "—the neatneſs that is introduced within. It *may* "add to the *beauty* of the ſcene—to its *novelty* it un-"doubtedly *does*." But when this diſguſt was a little abated, we indulged thoſe reflections, which ſcenes of ancient grandeur naturally recal.

This beautiful ruin is cruciform, meaſuring two hundred and thirty feet in length, and thirty-three in breadth; the tranſept is one hundred and ſixty feet long.* This ciſtertian abbey was founded by Walter de Clare, in the year 1131, and dedicated to St. Mary, in the reign of King Henry VIII. It experienced the ſame fate with many other monaſteries, and was granted, at its diſſolution, to the Earl of Worceſter, in the year 1537.

As we receded from the banks, Tintern Abbey, with the Gothic fret-work of the eaſtern window, ſeemingly bound together by the treillage of ivy, appeared in the moſt pleaſing point of view; ſloping hills and rich woods forming a fine back-ground. As we drew nearer

* *Warner's Firſt Walk.*

CHEPSTOW,

ome moſt noble rocks, "nature's proud baſtions," opened upon us, to the left, grander than any we had hitherto admired, and which, we had previouſly determined, were inconceivably fine, and ſurpaſſed any idea we had formed of the channel of this romantic river: to add to the magnificence of the whole, the ſetting ſun tinged the rocks with the moſt reſplendent colours, and the dewy freſhneſs of the evening improved the charm of the ſcene; the one enchanting the ſenſe, the other refreſhing it. The lofty Wynd Cliff, to the right, and Piercefield, with the curious projecting rocks, called the Twelve Apoſtles, and Peter's Thumb, heighten, to the very extent of beauty, this noble ſcene, gratifying, beyond meaſure, to the admirer of nature. Another reach brought us in ſight of Chepſtow Caſtle, on a prominent rock, of which it ſeemed to form a part; noble in ſituation, and grand in appearance. The ſingularly conſtructed bridge, the rocks, and the ſcarce viſible town, here made a moſt charming picture: this we enjoyed exceedingly, but regretted a few more minutes would ſet us on ſhore, and conclude our excurſion on the Wye; an excurſion which, the farther we proceeded, the more we were intereſted; and

ſo

ſo much ſo, as to determine a renewal of this pleaſing tour, another ſummer. The wooden bridge thrown over the Wye, at this place, is of very ſingular conſtruction; the boards forming the flooring are all deſignedly looſe, but prevented, by pegs faſtened at the extremity of them, from being carried away by the tide, and by that ingenious contrivance gradually riſe and fall with it, which is here frequently known to riſe to the extraordinary height of ſeventy feet.

Not having viſited the church, in conſequence of the bad weather, at the commencement of our tour, we determined now to inſpect it. The entrance, through the weſtern door, is an elegant ſpecimen of Saxon architecture, richly wrought, with three arches; in the inſide is the monument of Henry Martin, one of the twelve judges, who preſided at the condemnation of King Charles I. and was confined in the caſtle ſeven and twenty years.

A curious carved one to the Marquis of Worceſter and Lady, though not buried here; and another, of the date 1620, to the memory of Mrs. Clayton and her two huſbands, both kneeling.

This church originally belonged to the alien Bene-

dictine priory of Strigule, but converted, at the reformation, into the parish church of Chepstow.

Admittance to the celebrated walks of Piercefield can only be obtained on Tuesdays and Fridays. To survey these with that attention which they deserve, would occupy several hours; the liveliest description cannot do justice to the rich and bold scenery, with all its accompaniments; the eye can alone receive the impression, for,

" How long so e'er the wanderer roves, each step
" Shall wake fresh beauties, each short point presents
" A different picture; new, and yet the same."

" The winding of the precipice, (says Gilpin) is " the magical secret, by which all these enchanting " scenes are produced." At one point, both above and below, as far as the eye can reach, rolls in majestic windings, the river Wye; at another, the Severn, hastening to meet " its sister river," is discovered, till at last they are both lost in the Bristol Channel; at another, these scenes are concealed, and thick woods, apparently coeval with time itself, and a long range of rock, burst upon " the wanderer," with irresistible beauty and attraction. The occasional recurrence also of the rude bench, overshadowed by some umbrageous tree, and concealed from the steep precipice below, by thick

thick underwood, allow only glimpſes of the ſurrounding ſcenery.

The houſe has received great repairs, and is elegantly furniſhed by the preſent poſſeſſor, colonel Wood. Every apartment, indeed, has its appropriate embelliſhments.

I have thus brought my Tour to a concluſion; a Tour, which has been productive of much amuſement, and, I hope, not entirely devoid of advantage: it only remains, therefore, for me to add, that the Two Friends, having completed a Pedeſtrian circuit of near eight hundred miles, parted with mutual regret, jointly exclaiming,

" *Cambria,* as thy romantic vales *we* leave,
" And bid farewell to each retiring hill,
" Where fond attention ſeems to linger ſtill,
" Tracing the broad bright landſcape; much *we* grieve,
" That, mingled with the toiling croud, no more
" *We may* return thy varied views to mark."

ADDENDA.

Page 44. The church of Tenby is a large, handſome, and antique edifice, and ſeveral monuments, bearing an ancient date, worthy of notice.

On the left of the altar, is one to William Riſam, with the following inſcription:

Two hundred pounds
and 50 more
He gave this towne
to help the poore.

The uſe of one on cloth
and coles beſtowe
For twelve decrepid mean
and lowe.

Let 50 pounds to five
be yearly lent
The other's uſe on Burges'
ſonne's be ſpent.

On the ſame ſide is a monument to the memory of John Moore, Eſq. who, at the age of fifty-eight, and having by his firſt wife ſix ſons and ten daughters, fell deſpe-

desperately in love, which not being returned, he died of a consumption, at Tenby: the following Epitaph is very allusive to his unfortunate catastophe:

He that from home for love
was hither brought,
Is now brought home, this God
for him hath wrought.

Another monument to Morgan Williams:

Igne probatur
En animus rursus clare in corpore
Morgan Williams
descended from the heiress of
Robert Ferrar, Bishop of St. Davids,
Burnt alive by bigots under Q. Mary;
was lately chief of Gargam,
and senior in council at
Madras.
Where Oct. 27, 1690, aged 49 years,
He resign'd the President's chair
and his breath together.
An employment of full 30 years
chronicles the continual
approbation of his conduct,
particularly as
chief commissioner of the circuit.

SON-

SONNETS.

The following SONNETS, the joint production of two Friends, were ſent to the Author, as conſidered applicable to his Tour; it is therefore hoped, they may not be unacceptable to the Reader.

SONNET I.

TO FRIENDSHIP.

Addreſſed to the Companion of my Tour.

O BALMY comfort thro' this varied maze
Of life! thou beſt phyſician to the breaſt,
With deep affliction's venom'd ſting oppreſt,
A thouſand arts, a thouſand winning ways

Are

Are thine, to ſmooth the rugged brow of care,
And mitigate misfortune's keeneſt hour:
Yes, A——, partner of my Cambrian Tour,
Friend of my heart, how gladly do I ſhare
Thy confidence; whate'er my part may be
Hereafter on this ſhifting ſtage of life,
This buſy theatre of jarring ſtrife,
May health and happineſs attend both thee
And thine!—on ONE, thy Heav'nly Guardian truſt,
Nor doubt protection—all HIS ways are juſt.

SON-

SONNET II.

The Contraſt of Yeſterday, and To-day; ſuppoſed to be written on the Summit of SNOWDON.

HOW gay was yeſterday!—no ſtorm was heard
To mutter round thy ſteep! yon ſun aroſe
With golden ſplendor, and in ſtill repoſe
Nature majeſtic thro' her works appear'd.
To-day, how chang'd!—loud howls the hollow blaſt!
The thin miſts undulate! thy tow'ring height
Is veil'd in tempeſt, and eternal night!
So 'tis with man! contraſting proſpects paſt
With dreams of future happineſs—to day
In gallant trim his little bark may glide,
On the ſmooth current of the tranquil tide:
To-morrow comes!—the gathering ſtorms diſplay
A ſad viciſſitude—the whirlwind's ſweep,
Graſps at his prey, and whelms it in the deep.

SON-

SONNET III.

On leaving WALES.

WHY burſts the tear, as Cambria, now I leave
Thy wild variety of dale and hill,
Where fancy, fond intruder, lingers ſtill?
Why do theſe parting ſighs my boſom heave?
'Tis, that alas! I ne'er may view again
Thoſe haunts, thoſe ſolitary ſcenes I love;
But thro' this vale of tears forſaken rove,
And taſte the ſad viciſſitude of pain:
'Tis, that I ſadly breathe a warm adieu,
To long-loſt ſcenes of mutual amity;
'Tis, that I turn, my abſent friend, to thee,
"Think on paſt pleaſures, and ſolicit new!"
For thee my fervent pray'rs to Heav'n aſcend,
And may we meet again as friend to friend.

SON-

SONNET IV.

To the Welſh Harp.

LOV'D inſtrument! again repeat thoſe ſounds,
Thoſe plaintive airs, that thro' my ſenſes ſteal,
With melancholy ſweet. Their pow'r I feel
Soothing my ſadneſs, healing ſorrow's wounds.
Gently thou lull'ſt my ſufferings to repoſe,
Inclin'ſt my heart to ev'ry virtuous deed,
Removing from my mind each dark'ning ſhade
That clouds my days, increaſing all my woes.
Now ſwelling with the breeze, along thy vales,
Romantic Cambria! the ſtrain I hear,
Then dying ſoft away, comes o'er my ear
In whiſpers ſoft, ſtill wafted by thy gales!
Lov'd inſtrument! again repeat thoſe ſounds,
Soothing my ſadneſs, healing ſorrow's wounds.

SON-

SONNET V.

Suppoſed to be written by Moon-light, on the Sea-ſhore, at TENBIGH.

I LOVE to mark the ſilver-curling ſpray,
Juſt kiſs the pebbled ſhore; the zephyr blows,
And ocean ſlumbers in ſerene repoſe;
While the moon's beams in quiv'ring radiance play
Upon its ſurface: yet ere long, that tide
May heave its foaming billows to the ſhore,
And the ſea boil in one tempeſtuous roar.
See here thy picture, man! reaſon, thy guide,
Can lull each guſt of paſſion into reſt;
Her aid divine, her energy once loſt,
In what a ſea of angry tumults toſt,
Raves the mad whirlwind of thy troubled breaſt!
Blind paſſion then can reaſon's aid refute,
And degradate the man to worſe than brute.

SON-

SONNET VI.

On ſeeing LLANGOLLEN VALE.

O THOU, too captious of each airy ſcheme,
Fancy! thou dear deluſive traitor, ſay,
Are not thy charms the phantoms of a day,
That mock poſſeſſion, like a fleeting dream?
Here could I ſpend, if ſuch had been my lot,
Quiet my life; nor ſhould the ſhiv'ring poor
Depart unfed, unaided, from my door.
"Content is wealth," the emblem of my cot.
Here, by the brook, that gently babbles by,
Should ſtand my garden; there the bluſhing roſe
And woodbine ſhould their ſweeteſt ſcent diſcloſe.
But ah! farewell theſe dreams;—my big full eye
Swells with the burſting tear—I think, how few
The road to real happineſs purſue!

SON-

SONNET VII.

Proſpect of Sun-riſe from SNOWDON.

HOW grand the ſcene from this ſtupendous height!
How awfully ſublime! the king of day
Flames in the eaſt; old ocean's waves diſplay
One globe of fire! one boundleſs flood of light!
With what unclouded luſtre blaze the ſkies!
While Mona's flats, ting'd with a golden hue,
Burſt with tranſcendent beauty on the view;
And, Man,* thy ſcarce ſeen mountains proudly riſe.
Nature beneath, ſeems proſtrate! and my ſight
Can hardly graſp the vaſt immenſity!
Can then the muſe attempt to ſing of thee,
Nature's great God! Father of life and light!
Who bade the ſun his annual circle roll,
Who guides, directs, and animates the whole.

* The Iſles of Angleſey and Man, are diſcovered from Snowdon.

SONNET VIII.

To my Dog.

YES, thou haſt been companion of my Tour,
And partner of my toils! haſt rov'd with me,
Thro' Cambria's rude and wild variety,
And often ſooth'd the ſolitary hour
With thy careſſes; yet falſe man can claim
Superior reaſon, claim a mind endued
With love, with faithfulneſs, and gratitude;
Love, a mere ſound, and gratitude, a name.
Yes, faithful creature! and when thou art gone,
With fond attention ſhall thy bones be laid,
And a ſmall tribute to thy mem'ry paid,
In theſe few words, engraven on thy ſtone:
"Here let in peace the faithful Sylvio lie,
"The trueſt picture of fidelity!"

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